

新文庫

1947

NIKE

WHEATON COLLEGE
NORTON, MASS.

The Junior Class Presentation

"TO THE SENIORS"

Good For ONE YEAR

TOTAL 4 YEARS

ORCHESTRA 1

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"TO THE SENIORS"

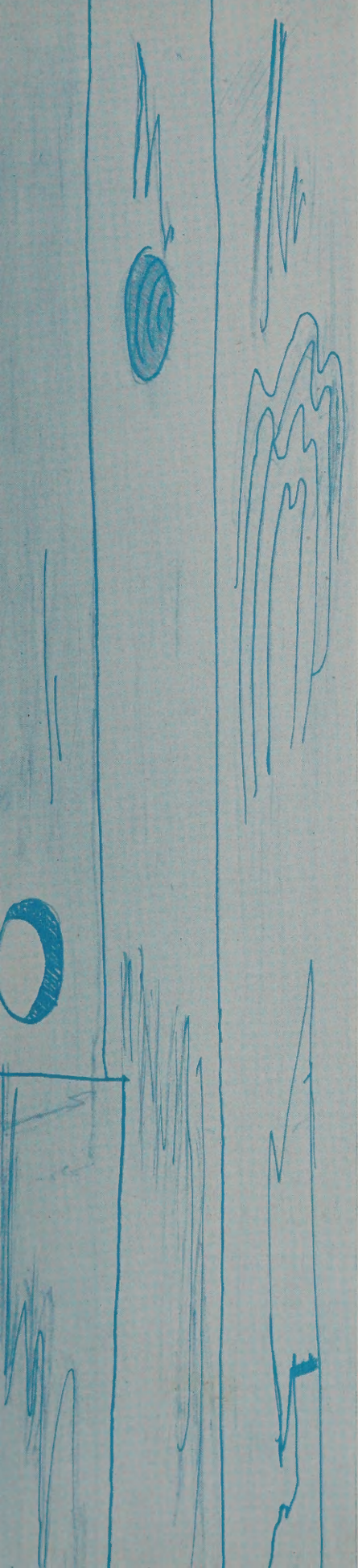
Good For ONE YEAR

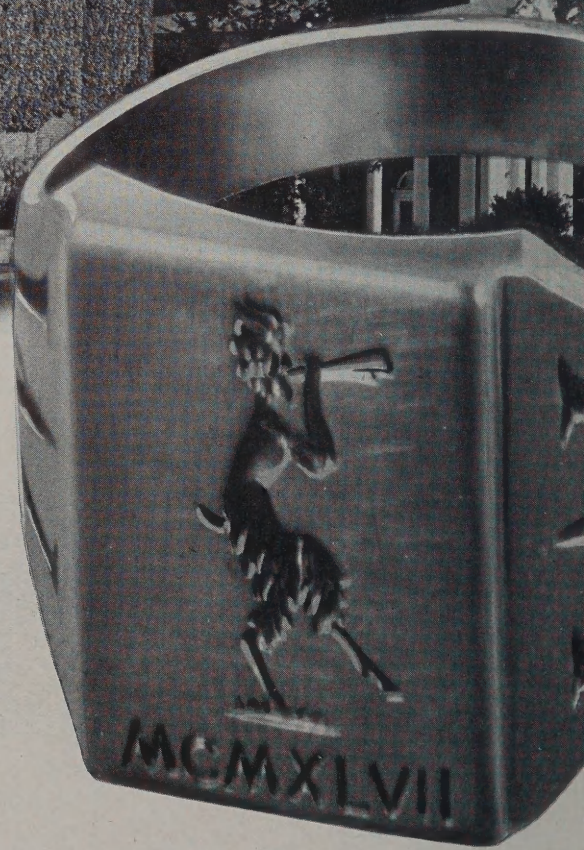
TOTAL 4 YEARS

ORCHESTRA 1

We will forget so much,
Almost as though
In single file and shame-faced, our small years
Were marched away,
And we who watched them go
Forgot the faces,
Never knew the fears . . .
Fragments of time best dealt with are the few
That memory hold vivid,
And the mind
Remembers with clarity of view
Familiarity,
As though not hard to find
In what we call the past;
These are the things
That time treats kindly;
If we keep them near
In pages of a book, the memory brings
An image
Veiled by each succeeding year.

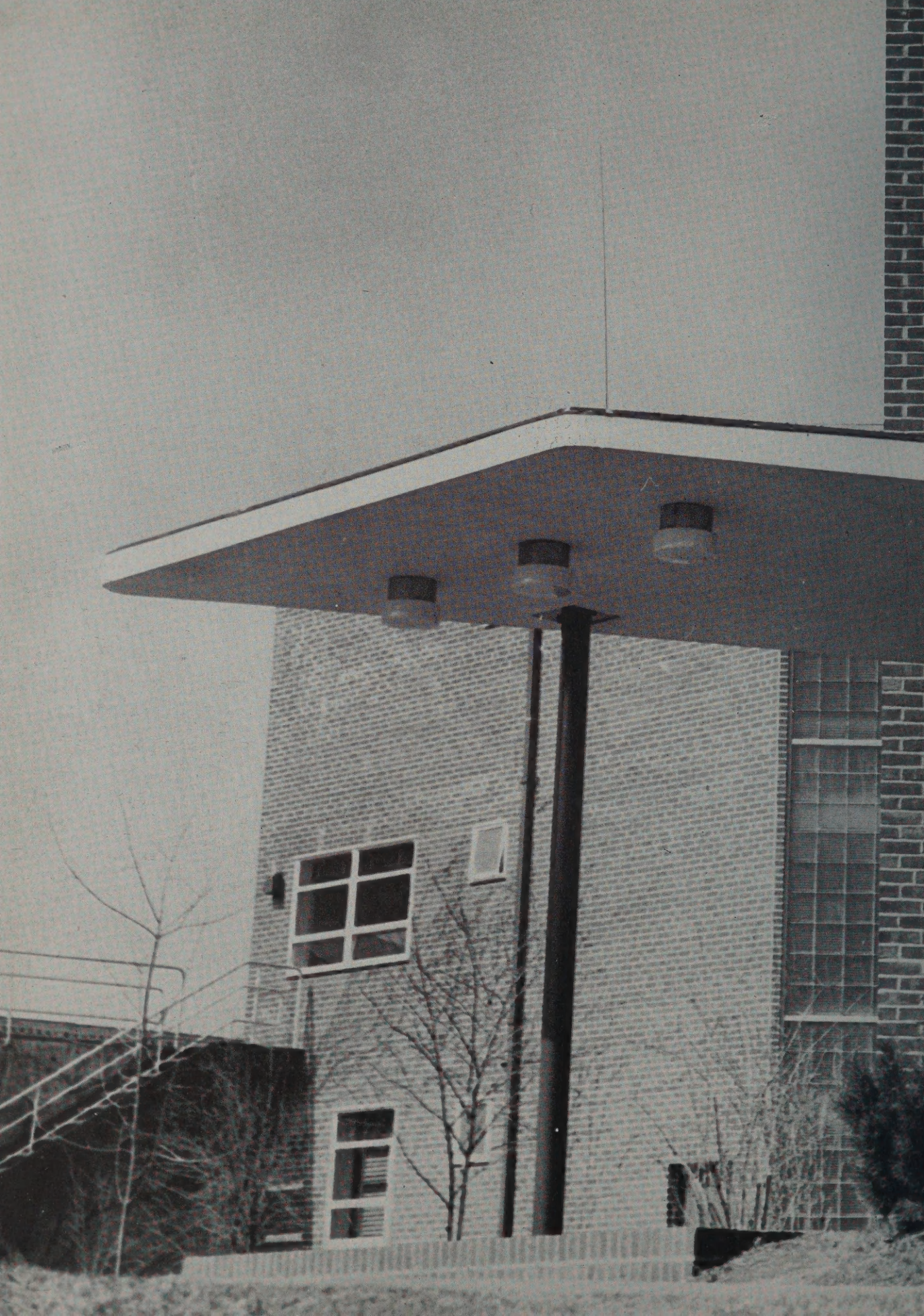






A GOOD SHOW is a lasting pleasure that remains with us in two ways. The first we hardly realize but the echoes of our laughter linger with us and cheer us though it be faint and near forgotten. The second way we take delight is in the re-telling of the story and the vivid recollections of scenery and music. In these ways our college years live with us. The undercurrent of long-gone days endures in our hearts and involuntarily makes evenings more peaceful and mornings brighter. The memories of our friends and surroundings at Wheaton are the greatest pleasure, for the image of one face may prove dearer to us than all the lessons we have learned, and the voices of those we knew return, sweeter than a graduation song. Here are written the names we spoke, and in these pictures are the shadows of the girls we once greeted. This book holds the memories which remain our chief delight.













To Miss Barker





We dedicate this year's Nike to Dean Eleanor Barker in an attempt to express our appreciation for all her courtesies and kindnesses to us. Although a major director of the college's three-ring circus, she has not let her position take away her faithful interest in our student activities be it from class hockey games to a meeting of I R C. We have had many meetings with her in her office under the Ad building's big top but whether our meetings were for advice or reprimand, we have always come out being all the better through her reasoning and experience. Her trust in us as students and as individuals has been expressed in her encouragement of an Honor System at Wheaton.

Miss Barker accepted the position of Dean during the war years of 1944-45 so she therefore had the added responsibilities of certain wartime restrictions added to her regular offices. The continuity of our college life was considerably eased through those high tension years by her quiet guidance. Now that we have entered the post war period she has been among the first to try and return Wheaton to a prewar basis.

In thanks to her recognition and just appraisal of our problems we dedicate this yearbook.





They builded better



...than they knew..



WHEATON COLLEGE
NORTON
MASSACHUSETTS

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

To the Class of 1947:

In this graphic record the editors of Nike ingeniously present your college career as a circus. At the close of this year the circus will divide. Part of it will stay at Norton, and to those of us who remain will fall the task of repairing the tents, re-painting the floats, tuning the callopie, rehearsing the band and polishing the acts. But in the part that leaves a wonderful transformation will take place. For, as the parade passes again and again before your eyes in memory, you will notice that, without the touch of human hands, the floats will become more golden; an invisible conductor will make the music sound sweeter; and the clowns will turn every minor tragedy into a huge joke. May this book help you to keep any part of the parade from dropping out of the line of march.

Sincerely yours,

Howard Bruns

PRESIDENT MENEELY

Although he is a "Junior" member of the company, President Meneely has been the ringmaster of that "Greatest Show on Earth," Wheaton College, since he arrived in '44 as Director of Main Features. He has also contributed to the side shows of campus life which direct us toward a greater appreciation of life's values.

Doctor Meneely is not only a symbol of the austere closed office door. To each of us he means something special, and when he speaks, no matter how large the audience, there is always the sensation that he is speaking to any one person. But Doctor Meneely is more than a personal acquaintance. For two years we have been passing from the throes of a war-torn world, searching for faith to guide us through the instability of post-war years. Dr. Meneely has pointed the way to go. His principles, the necessity of an open mind, judging and examining both sides of a question, we will take with us.

He has shown his trust in us by establishing an honor system applying to all academic work. We hope that we have in the past and will continue to justify his faith.





DEAN Miss Barker

THE MANAGERS



DEAN OF FRESHMAN Miss Littlefield



DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS
Miss Townsend

MANY of us shall remember the Administration for their advice and for their adjustment of our many problems. Some of us will remember them for the bills they sent us. All of us, though, will remember their friendliness to us during and after the years at Wheaton. Managing a troupe of some five hundred members from five different points of view is no easy task. The efficiency with which Wheaton is run is evidence of their good coordination.

She has a taste for antiques but her ideas are not old fashioned. Dean Barker always has some new angle to offer. Miss Olinder in the outer office aids in putting the new ideas into action. She also signs those valuable tickets for a weekend at Dartmouth or Yale.

Pink slips, white slips—not from the infirmary but from the Dean of Finances, Miss Dunkle. Although some might believe her motto to be pink bills for poor people—that is not so. At certain times of the year “Pop”

would prefer that Miss Dunkle forget us but unfortunately she has the memory of a circus elephant for bills. However, bills are not the only things she collects for even the President has delved into her collection of private jokes.

For a newcomer to Wheaton’s circus, Miss Noyes has behaved like a real trouser. Skeptical that she might try to regiment us into the Waves, we are relieved to report that she has not even mentioned it. She does very well getting to academic appointments on time being a Frosh—but why not, she makes them. Our thanks to her for straightening out our courses so that we do not graduate a Math major instead of an English major.

Miss Townsend sees more girls’ faces than practically any of the administration but she still can tell us one from the other. One does not have to look far to see that her selection of Wheaton students is tops, end of quote from 99.9% of the Faculty.



BURSAR Miss Dunkle



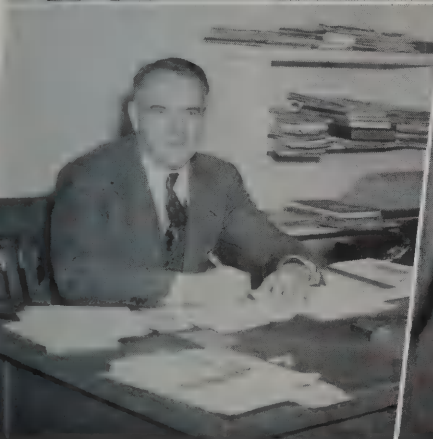
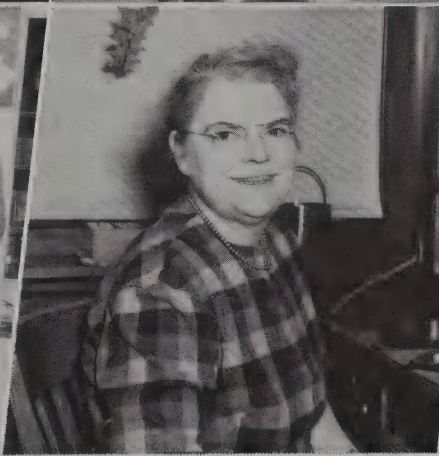
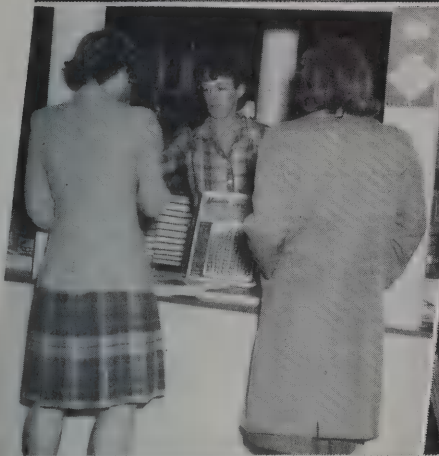
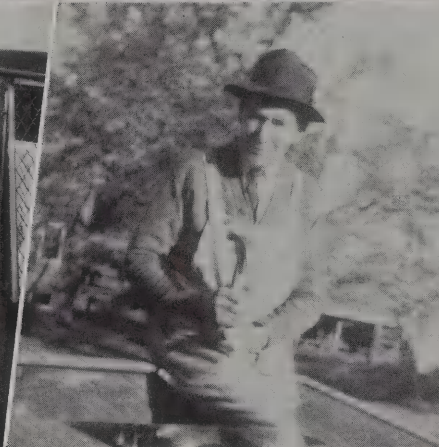
REGISTRAR Miss Noyes



Where would the big tent be without the stakes? Or, if you prefer, what would Wheaton be minus the staff? Who would sit behind the bars and issue the bright orange admission tickets? Who would tie down the canvas and prop the bleachers? How could the clowns get their makeup on straight and the barker compose his script? And who do you suppose would bolt the lion's cage?

Your 130 I. Q. (Waltzing Elephant Level) has hit the jackpot! As Wheaton displays her glowing countenance to one and all, it is no one but Mr. Fillmore and the ground crew who oil the spokes and trim the corners. Without their help there would be a foldup before the next matinee! How would we exist without Mrs. Pratt who keeps our complexion at a low ebb and our intelligence at a status quo?

As she rubs her magic wand we have all that our plaintive voices desire. Though we take our woes out on our food, we are heartily grateful to Miss Lincoln and Miss Billings who, if they will forgive our gripes, keep our tempers calm as they supply the basic need of man or beast. Casting aside delusions of grandeur, with all of our ideals, we can't deny that it is the box office of Miss Dunkle and her staff that stakes the canvas to the ground. And all the many others who do the countless small jobs that we know nothing about, the voice of Miss Dunham who directs us when we miss a train, the secretaries who make the Ad Building buzz, and store our records, we hope in forgotten corners. Each one takes part in the circus parade.



The College Staff



Put up the nets, string the tangled ropes into a neat pattern that will catch the tumbling trapeze artists as they climb along the swinging bars. Shout instructions to perfect their acts and give grace and continuity to their actions. These are some of the many and varied duties of the faculty. They weave the designs of intellectual understanding into the unformed and searching minds of the students who climb through the air. They advise as to the twists and turns and short cuts that will give the performers the dexterous appearance of professionals. And they open up avenues of exploration for those who wish to climb to the top of this three-ringed circus. They are kind, big-hearted people who want to give their knowledge, to set it to work in order to build other circuses and to put nets under all the erratic climbers of the searching world. Instead of the uniformed attendants of Barnum and Bailey who change the settings of the arena and help cage and uncage the animals, Wheaton's attendants are like a many-colored kaleidoscope that changes hue with the encircling sun, and place their props with deft hands and minds of intellectual perception into neatly

labeled boxes filled with crossword puzzles. They have the keys to a life that is new and better, old and worth remembering. They have all the things that make Wheaton a real circus, a great performance. . .the "greatest show on Earth".

When you hear the jingle of keys coming down the long corridor of the Science Building, it can mean only one thing, Dr. Lange is approaching. As head of the Zoology Department Dr. Lange not only lectures and supervises laboratory work, but spends most of her spare time tending the ill-fated chickens of many a forgetful student. Her well-stocked mind leads the students into many interesting and colorful conversations over a cup of tea brewed on a Bunsen Burner.

Unwrap your fingers from your tired pencil, cram your fifteen pages of notes into an hour lecture that might easily have been three, and you'll know you've just had a session with Dr. McCoy. But compensating for this fatigue and the endless hours with cats and formaldehyde, is Dr. McCoy's charming

home that becomes a haven for the harried Zoo majors.

To the student who is interested in what makes a turtle tick or a salamander spawn, Miss Chidsey is the gal for you. And when indoor exploration leaves you cold, Miss Chidsey will take you down to Woods Hole.

If plants give you palpitations, patter along with Miss Leuchs and Miss Barrows. Across the woods and fields you fly to find many plants and trees to identify.

Calculate, theorize, contemplate, organize. . . all this is found in the physics you took when you were lectured by Dr. Shook.

A two-wheeled bike will lead the way to where Dr. Evans would like your mind to stray. Miss Marshall will be there, test tubes will clink, filled with innocuous liquids that no one would drink.

If it's dramatics you want, go to Miss McKee who combines a poor memory for the mundane

with an enthusiasm for acting which is opening up quite a few eyes.

A walk in the woods will doubtless bring you face to face with Mr. Ramseyer, the aesthete who strangely manages to get down to business in a classroom, and a stroll through the library will bring an encounter with Mr. Cressey, fact finder of the Socialologists.

No circus performer is equipped until she is adept in languages, well, at least one. Wheaton's circus offers many artists to help you with the act. Miss Littlefield will take time from the freshmen to teach you the nack of bonvivant in French. If speaking Spanish fluently is your ambition, Miss Breton with her pep and vivacity can charm you into Don Quixote in no time. No good performer is finished until she "understands Russian". Dr. Vakar will help you learn Russian and "understand Russia" at Marty's any Tuesday afternoon.





The faces above you look bland and smiling but carefully hoarded behind those pleasant masks are statistics, figures and theories which know all about YOU! They have us Tagged for memory, motivation, flights into fancy and Freudian slips of the tongue. Somehow, however, in the midst of their mazes, graphs and figures, they have all managed to maintain their own identity. You can't miss Mr. Shipley. . he will be carrying a raincoat and supporting a cigarette but not smoking it. If you are still not sure, you cannot miss the long, low "Hi". To find Miss Rickers just hunt for someone much to peppy to keep up with, speaking fourteen syllable words in fourteen languages. . all with a Russian accent. Famous for any number of things, we will remember her for eye opening lectures, brain crushing exams, Slavka, her tempermental convertible, and irresistible charm.

Miss Amen, famous for her hospitality and cookies, is head of this perspicacious crew. She is wonderfully friendly, as she tries to make budding Gesell's out of all of the majors; but we harbor a suspicion that her heart belongs to the nursery school. Speaking of the nursery school, we can't mention the Psych Department without a few words of praise to Miss Brooks, Miss Fleisher and Miss Thompson who manage to keep things calm and their charges happy while the majors busily observe their activities through a one way screen.

After we have learned all there is about the small children, we go on to Mr. Nourse who,

with his kindly manner and slow drawl, instructs us in the ups and downs of teaching. If you like coffee at Marty's, a good sense of humor, and the Brooklyn Dodgers, you can't help but know Miss Schonbar. Life in the classroom with Miss Schonbar is refreshing and informative; life outside is full of laughs and amazing numbers of friends.

Wheaton has always been famous for her English Department, and four years of good, solid reading and listening will verify her reputation. Mr. Sharp is the head of the Department, and as such is an inspiring combination of wit and erudition which makes his classes a "must" on any major's course cards.

Mrs. Boas loves a "well stored mind", and there is no better example than her own. Keeping up with Mrs. B. is no less than a mental marathon, but somehow when the bell rings she never seems out of ideas. She is alert and so quick that she can make any of us feel stodgy, but her effect on us is as stimulating as a cup of coffee, and she makes us want to run home and read and read and read.

Mr. Earle brings us the quiet, Thoreauan contemplation, and his continuous search for new ideas makes his classes delightfully like a symposium. We can think of no one who more carefully and hopefully merges knowledge of the past with hopes and plans for the future than Mr. Earle. Probably the most quoted man on campus, he makes us think and actually enjoy doing it.

When we see Miss Vickery we start correcting our grammar and envying her her Austin. Mixed in with grammar, journalism and poetry is a subtle humor which tests your wit as thoroughly as her exams do your knowledge.

If you think that English professors have naught to do but read all day, you don't know Miss Burton. Her name is on countless committees and her lectures cover such wide areas that they assume the aspects of a travelogue. Interesting things always seem to happen to Miss Burton, and if they don't come to her she runs out to find them, after which we go to her class for some vicarious living.

Mr. Glasheen tries to live a quiet life on Howard Street with his wife and baby, but somehow things can never be too quiet for Mr. Glasheen. He thunderbolts his classes with amazing quotes and quips and his lectures have the tone and quality of an animated New Yorker, but we know very well that it was a little north of New York that he amassed all that learning.

If you want to know about the past to prepare for the future go to the History Department, who are more than equipped to teach you all you want to know. Mr. Knapton, with his eternal pipe and Oxford charm, can give you an understanding of people and nations, along with a thorough history of the world. If it is America you are interested in Miss Clewes and Mr. Hidy can give you two

different, but equally stimulating, aspects of our country. Miss Clewes, renowned for her lovely hands and subtle sense of humor, gives you the cultural viewpoint of our history and our ancestors. She is always willing to discuss events past and present over a cup of her much needed coffee at Marty's. Still retaining his Navy dash, Mr. Hidy expounds on the economic history of our country.

Surrounded by innumerable maps and textbooks, calm, ever smiling Miss Gulley fills her classes with interesting bits of information and a broad-minded viewpoint toward history and life. The newest acquisition of the Department is Miss Sylva. Not long out of college herself she verifies the theory that new professors expect perfection from their students. Although she doesn't quite get it all from all of her students she gives it to her classes. If you have any questions about government go to Miss Sylva. She knows all of the answers.

Although they devote most of their time to their majors they manage to find a little to keep the rest of the community up on the news, with their interesting weekly lectures on current events. So if you want to know about life as well as history go to the History Department who, with their combined talents, can give you more than the price of a ticket of admission.





There's a lullheato



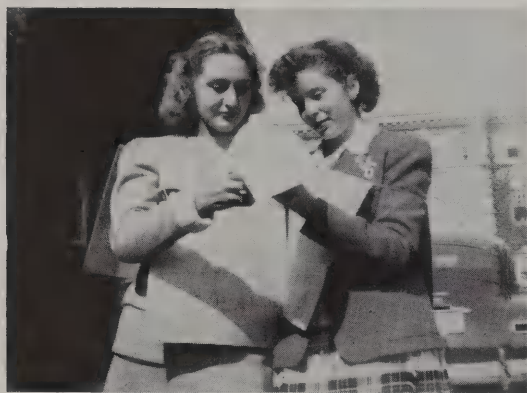
in your future...



CLASS OFFICERS—Barbara Smith, Roseann Heim, Virginia Pennel, Nancy Whitelaw, Dorothy King

THE CLASS OF 1950

The class of 1950 entered the ring on the 17th of September, 1946, with a blare of trumpets and speeches of welcome and warning. Confusion and chaos reigned for the first two weeks but after the novelty of being new little ponies in the ring we got used to the cracking whip and confusion disappeared. Although we tried to be very sophisticated, we realized how much we had to learn in order to become accomplished performers. The maze of rules that complicate college life, how to study to make the most of our precious time, and all the other things that make up the great circus. Yet we were told, during the first



Zelda Friedman, Ellen Gundersheimer



Carol Blake, Ann Talbot, Carol Swaney, Marie White, Edith Engler, Irma Clebnik, Jean Fischer, Phyllis Sloane, Cris Kringle



Nancy Whitelaw, Beth Bradt, Nancy Lamson



Natalie Rowland, Phyllis Hughs, Nancy Hoff



Caroline Brown, Hattie Coleman

week by everyone who spoke to us, that we were by far the nicest class that ever entered the ringside at Wheaton. This we took with a grain and a half of salt, and wrote proud letters home to our equally proud parents to tell them about it. We wondered, if competition was so terribly keen, just how we came to be here, in spite of our obvious beauty, brains and sophisticated bearing.

The spotlight focused on Hattie when she brought down the house as well as the Harvard Dramatic Club with her rendition of Emily in *Our Town*. This wasn't Hattie's first glimpse of footlights at Wheaton; she directed and acted in the freshmen skits that made Metcalf famous.

Toward the middle of the year, the freshmen class shook off the whips of older trainers and hunted for leading ability in its members. Nancy, Ginny, Dotto, Barbie, and Rowie have put us through our paces ever since.

We are still understudies for the big parts. They loom before us in their sparkling settings with the radiance of jewels in a crown. They seem unattainable. And we wonder if we will ever be able to make the grade. But we feel that we have the talent and the ability to join the long parade and be the stars of tomorrow.



Margaret Brown, Eleanor McCrudden, Mimi Gherardi, Joan Chilcott, Virginia Lowery, Ruth Nelson, Virginia Pennell, Emily Nichols, June Marion, Joan Miller



Marjorie Paisner, Ann Cudner, Mary Cunard, Carol Doyle, Sally Ann Budgell, Virginia Rapp, Zelda Freedman, Edith Engler



Mary Cunard, Joyce Merrick, Ann Cudner, Christie Arnold, Frances Morse, Margaret Heineman, Jane Brown, Mary Ellen Burgess



*Mary Hurlbut, Muriel Macbain, Doris Kinzel,
Sally Ann Budgell, Virginia Butler, Nancy
Buckley*



*Betty Steinberg, Nancy Jacobs, Nicky Weiland,
Phyllis Hughes, Jane Brown, Nadine
Lane*



*Lois Caldwell, Jocelyn Sewell, Emily Frum,
June Baker, Jean Campbell, Nancy Iddings*





Nancy Corwin, Ruth Alt, Jean Kearney, Sally Albright, Carol Ott, Marjorie Paisner, Dorothy Ballysingh, Beverly Higgins, Virginia Scattergood



Elaine Hager, Carol Doyle, Jackie Cohen, Marjorie Paisner, Nancy Robb, Pat Silmore, Permilia Bayol, Ellen Gundershermer



Phebe Brodeur, Ernestine Shea, Nancy Davis, Nancy Whitelaw, Caroline Rice, Sally Sprague, Jand Delacy, Eleanor Laird, Marilla Otis



Betty Ennis, Nancy Roland, Shirley Reed, Ann Pattison, Mary Seiberling, Jean Baily, Mary Hayes



Ellen Ordway, Nancy Shurtleff, Nancy Cherrington, JoAnne Benninghoff, Mary Ellen Whitfield, Sally Albright, Nancy Corwin, Roseann Heim



THE CLASS OF 1949

CLASS OFFICERS—Barbara Holden, Lloyd Phillops, Betty Garrigues, Joy Merritt



Jean Evans, Barbara Nann, Kathie Shea, Dotty Soest, Marion Metcalf, Jean Eberhard, Lynn Elias, Nancy Johnston



Jane Hering, Alice Feuer, Louise Taylor, Jean Johnson, Ruby Watson, Clare Babb, Jill Steiner, Gloria Buda, Jackie Servais



Summer vacation has ended.

It had been all too short, but what fun it was to be back, no longer the little freshmen. We moved off fourth floor; we stopped making conscious efforts at being sophisticated; we learned to precede freshmen through doors with a touch of arrogance; we helped break down justifications for cries of "lethargy!"; we began to voice our ideas and opinions without fear; we were sophomores.

With Bea as ring master and Lloydie, Kay, Joy and Barbie as assistants, we made our own three-ring circus. And there was much to be proud of.

Our main attraction was along the line of sports. As freshmen we won the cup, but as sophomores, we deserved it even more. Barbie's name was engraved on the tennis cup for the second year. Our half of the Blue team helped cop the hockey championship. We ended the basketball season undefeated for the second time. We took first place in the riding meet once more. Our swimmers brought in more victories. Janie and Bea were elected to the all-college team, and Janie was a delegate to Greensboro.



Jean Fetter, Marilyn Keach, Jean Scheidenhelm, Mary Joe Stuart, Jean Phillips, Sue Ripple, Ginny Vogt, Barbara Bigelow, Ann Neilson, Ticky Fellows, Jean Gray



Jean Seaton, Amy Wright, Sally Stevens, Fifi Richardson, Betty Tufel, Peggy Spring, Ruth Hansen



E. K. Keller, Mary Lou Scott, Molly Storb, Barbara Holden, Mary Griffith, Joan Lund, Ann Sperry, Emily Renwick



Marion Lanpbear, Jane Hess, Ginny Biggers, Sue Williams



Barbara Bayne, Betty Ann Owens, Kay MacKay, Irene Lofgren, Janet McCutcheon, Betty Saber

The ring of activities was a busy one. News, C. A., D. A., and C. G. A. had staunch supporters from our class. Kathie made Mrs. Webb a real New England woman in *Our Town*. Angie and Murph sang more beautifully than ever. We all moved forward to take our places of responsibility and to prepare for even bigger and better jobs next year. And, somehow, we managed to have a large representation on the Dean's List, too. Margarita and Skip won the cherished opportunity to study abroad.

The third big ring in our life was the social one. Ootsie made a super-lovely May Queen

with Betsy and Sue striking copper and coal attendants. We were proud of our new class rings, but Janie's sparkler set us to wondering who would be next. We gasped as we counted the number of freshmen who were ahead of us. We used up our two late pers and wished for more. We discovered new places to go and new things to do. We had fewer "blind" dates, and more of us had found "the one".

Once in awhile we did remember the warnings of elders about a sophomore slump, but we rode atop the lion's back and kept flying in the air without a spill.

And now it's summer again.



Kay Reynolds, Betty Clegg, Mildred Koch, Carley Barer, Cornelia O'Dowd, Barbara Murphy



Jean Ward, Donna Ford, Barbara Fellner, Adel Yaffo, Nancy Lumbert, Frances Jones, Donna Valley, Judy Miller



Joy Merritt, Betty Sites, Pat Danzer, Esther Speidel, Beverly Brandwine, Connie Cohen, Buzz Reid



Eleanor Cox, Sally Neff, Nancy Brown, Gene Brobst



Brenda Ryan, Katherine Schmidt, Evelyn Newcomet, Persis Heywood, Jean Schabacker, Gay Clark, Margie Knust, San Speer



Alice Hewett, Martha Gleason, Shirley Whipple, Audrey Newton, Jean Purinton, Mary Lynch, Claire Anderson, Midge Penfield



Lois-Mary McFall, Caroline Simons, Ann Rice, Ginny Clark, Joan Henderson, Lloyd Phillips, Betsy Bird, Betty Garrigues, Marian McIver



The Ringmasters



ers of Tomorrow



CLASS OF 1948

What's a circus without rings? Most tents only have three, but ours is most remarkable because there are four, all so full of activity that it's impossible to see everything that goes on in each. But let's follow the spotlight around to number three; what a display of jolly, jolly juniors, class of '48! We are gay and we are sober, happy that we have a year to be part of the show before we don our cap and gown, and serious as we realize the responsibility that will soon be ours.

We came back realizing that some of our best performers were gone; Tish, Vangie, and several more. Some we'll see again next year after their sojourn in Switzerland; Betsy, Jean, Mary, Marty, and Carol, as they add their touch of cosmopolitanism. Still others have left, leaving the many for the one. Amelie turned her ideas on *Nike* over to Bonny to carry on. Willy, Lee, Mary Lou, and Liz have also swapped Pegasus for a narrower band. Next year, with pins and rings multiplying we'll pass on a few more.



Connie McCollum, Lee Arnold, JoAnne Dingwell, Virginia Wallace, Jane Drury, Pat Spenser, Trudy Campbell, Mitzi Mitchell



Sue Lawes, Bev Yeaple, Mary Richards, Betty Arnold, Lee Arnold

Shirley and Ginny take the center of the stage helping Elly with C. G. A. Sue takes over and Til minds the funds for C. A., while Peggy and Mitzie, along with Dottie, give us those spectacular performances starting off with *Our Town*. Iz and Betsy keep us at the physical fitness routine, which isn't a bad idea after we take in those houseparties at Brown, Dartmouth, or Harvard. Speaking of sports, we may not win the games but our players belie the score; Ginny Wallace, Barrie, and Katy flashing the hockey sticks, Gush managing the horses, Cici with her dancing, and lots of others.

Brawn and brain work together as Audrey pulls in top averages with more of us tipping the balance. Mel carries on the efforts of Button in working towards a united world.

After such a strenuous year our tired brains shake up the sawdust as we slip into our booties and pinafores, lose those inhibitions that come with age and reveal to all the world and Wordsworth that the child is the father of the man.

And so we'll leave our charges, after helping them through the rings, and Bev will lead us on to our days of sobriety.



Titch Steel, M. E. Shreve, Daphne Fay, Eugenia Tinajero



Jean Bruce, Jane Drury, Barry Reid, Lois Shaw, Rit Ritter



Mary Cushing, Reggie Baker, Pat Colvin, Timmy Stillman, Mary Richards, Jean MacDill, Shirley Shapiro, Bobby Halle



Janet Cheever, Micky Rimbach, Betty Singleton, Patty Pieper, Nancy Cook, Peggy Duffy, Consuelo Eames, Jackie Coughlin, Nancy Greiner, Marilyn Miller



D. J. Meyer, Ginnie Oliver, Joyce Tyler



Shirley Johnson, Jean Sullivan, Lois Meyers, Ginny Hunt, Nat Moore, Ceci Kuehnle, Jane Dodds, Elizabeth Jevdet



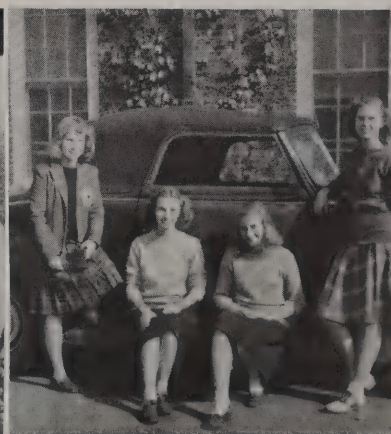
Betty Hastings, Til Snelling, Mrs. Ewing, Nancy Taylor, Dot Hussey



Carol Steinbring, Bonnie Brockway, Ileana Kliman, Mary Renwick, Dotty Woodman



Priscilla Dattman, Evelyn Masi, Jean Bricker, Helen Caracuzzo, Cornelia Buck, Joan Stratford



Titch Steel, M. E. Shreve, Mary Lou Gagney, Anne Corkran, Joanna Harrison

Renate Lieberg, Lois Shaw, Nancy Hauser, Betsy Hering, Janet Maul, Rit Ritter, Jean Bruce

Helen Bolton, Peg Carey, Jane Rossiter, Audrey Farrow



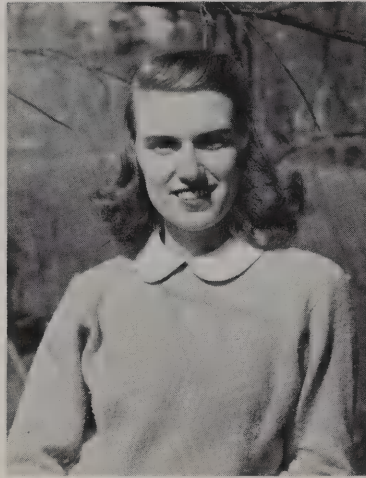
There is nostalgia in



Norton today...



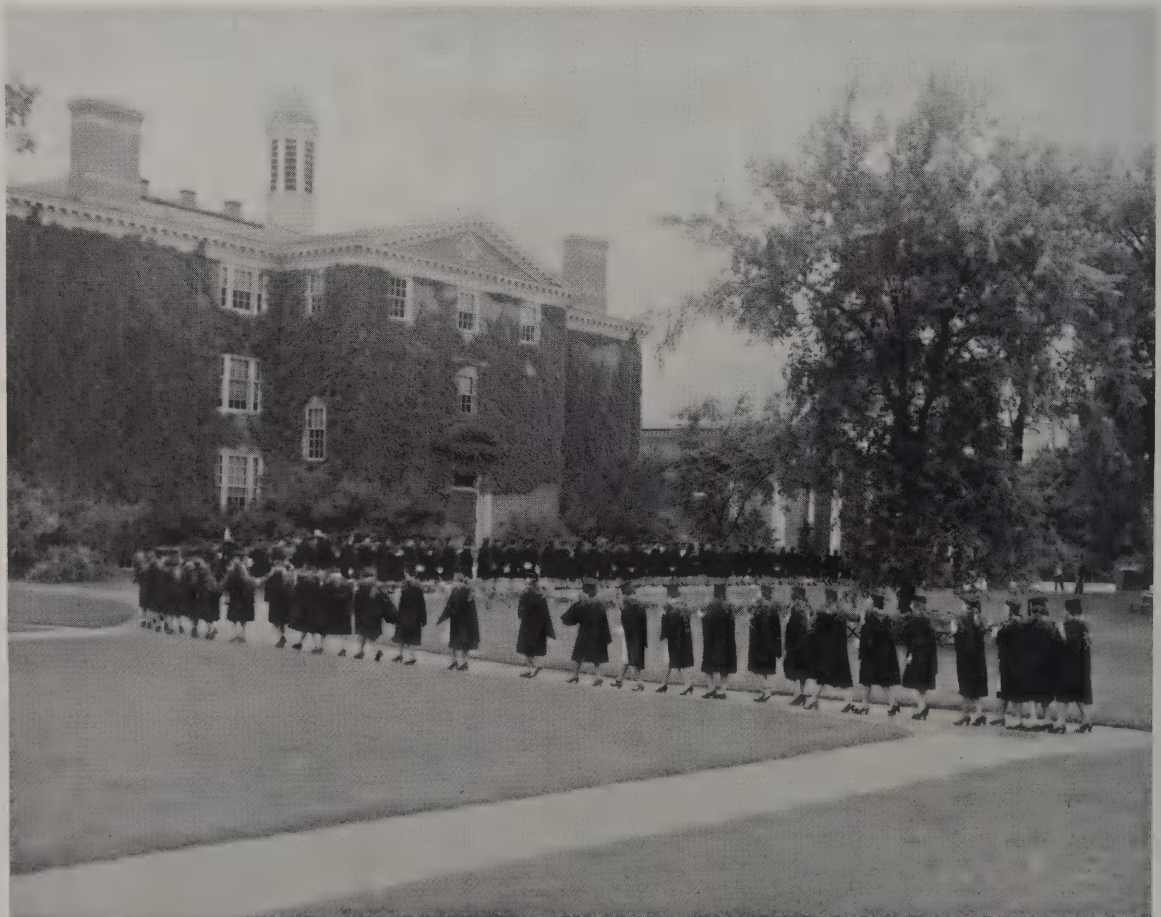
Jean Haller



Wiffie Oliphant

SENIOR

After four years on the same run the act is splitting up and heading for the big time. We're sorry to leave a company we've done so much with, and so well with. We've tried to have a finger in every pie and our best manager material has been managing the specialty acts since we joined the troupe. What would Vodville have done without Gumble and Rushlight without Rozzy and Asch and how would we know anything about the Art Center without Libby. The M. C. is a product of our



CLASS

own short-training-course for C. G. A. presidents. Our Ellie, she walks, she talks, she's terrific. We're the first act to feature a veteran of the world show, we're that proud of our Rusty. We'd have been lost without Bobby Schott who's been an officer of some description since we began and has been in stellar position this year. Dottie has handled our drama angle ably; Bobbie A. and Bobbie L. have kept us knee deep in news. All in all we're ready to show the world how we can knock 'em dead, whether in careers or with that certain male.

In our four years social life has changed from a world of women and an occasional uniform to a hilarious riot peopled with tweedy, brush cut, pipe-smoking Yale men and an occasional woman. For the first time we saw a traffic jam on Howard Street, and tried to go to three different football games with three different wonderful men.

Business is business and we have spent a good part of our valuable last days holed away in the libe so we could win any argument from Seminar to Marty's. We pass one last parade before the reviewing stand.

It's taken us four years to perfect the act—and it's been hard work, team spirit, blood, sweat, and laughs, but we think we made it. Now to see how the world takes us. There is something so comforting and protective about our home, the Big Top—it's tough to leave and tough to miss the fun, but it's not "goodbye," kids, it's "On with the Show."



Bobbie Schott



Lidge Titus



Ginny Dunbar



The CLASS



ANTHONY, BARBARA JANE
Milford, Conn.
Hist. & Gov't



ASCH, BARBARA
New York, N. Y.
English



BATES, NANCY GAIL
Yonkers, N. Y.
History

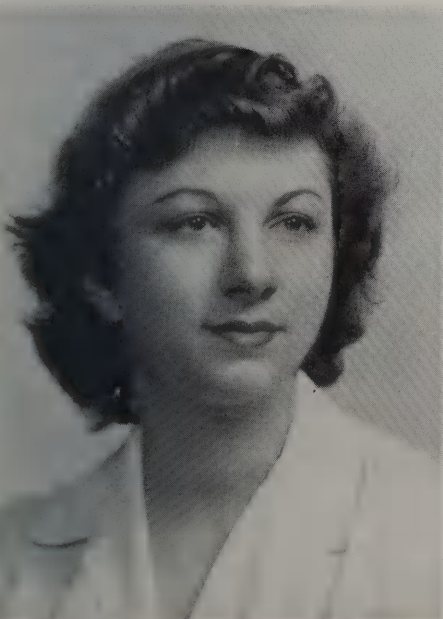


ADAMS, CAROL GILCHRIST
Wynnewood, Pa.
Music

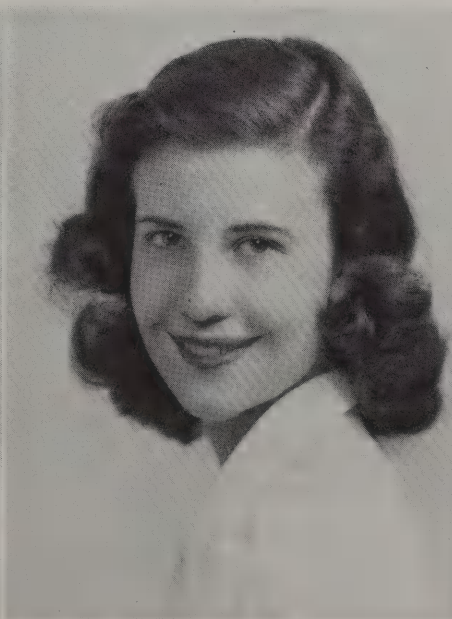


AGLER, CAROLINE LEACH
Youngstown, Ohio.
Psychology

of 1947



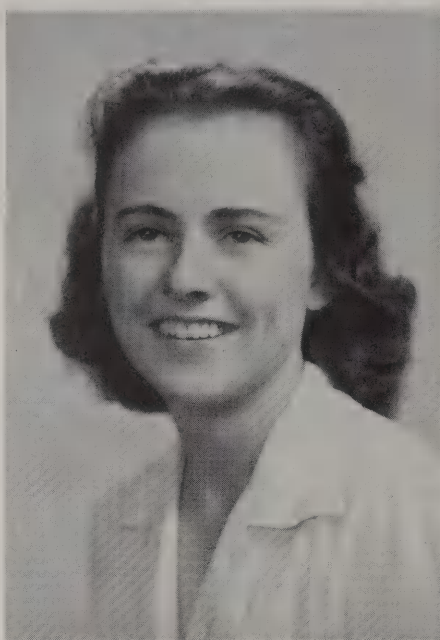
BAVICCHI, PALMA ROSE
Dedham
English



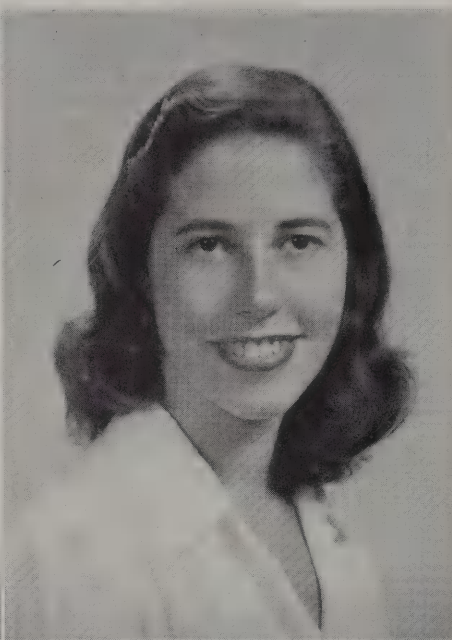
BERG, PATRICIA FRANCES
Buffalo, N. Y.
Psychology



BOGHOSSIAN, ESTHER MARY
Pawtucket, R. I.
English



BOTHFIELD, LAURA
Wellesley Hills
Sociology



BRAND, NORMA ANITA
Woodmere, N. Y.
English

The CLASS



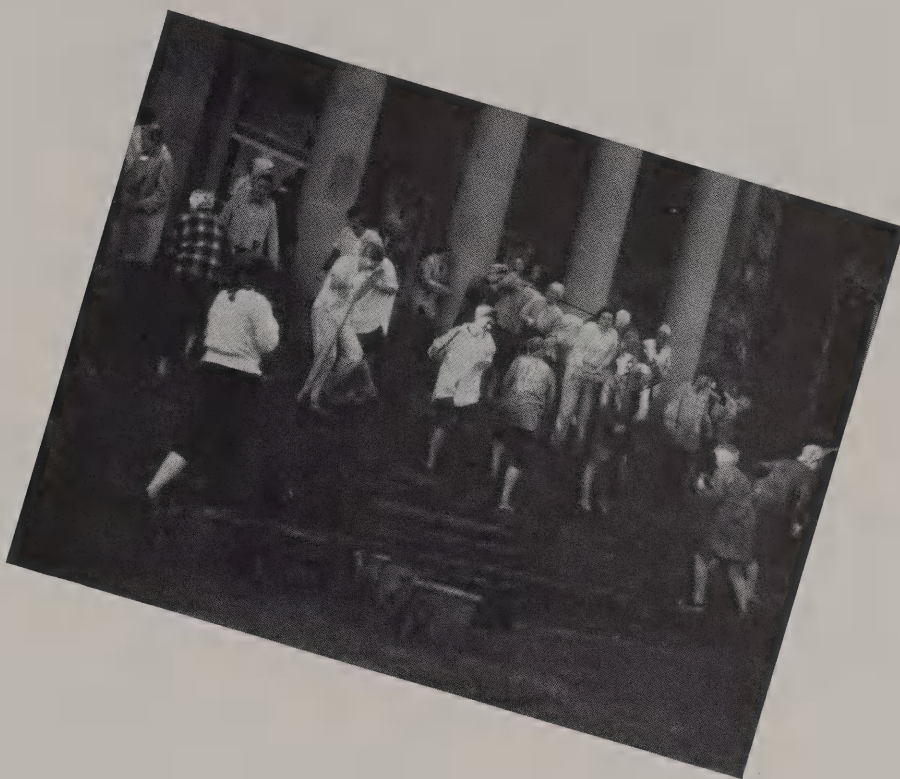
BROWN, LOIS JO ANNE
Worcester
Psychology



BROWN, MARGARET
Scarsdale, N. Y.
Sociology



BROWNELL, MART FRANCES
Bridgewater, Conn.
Mathematics



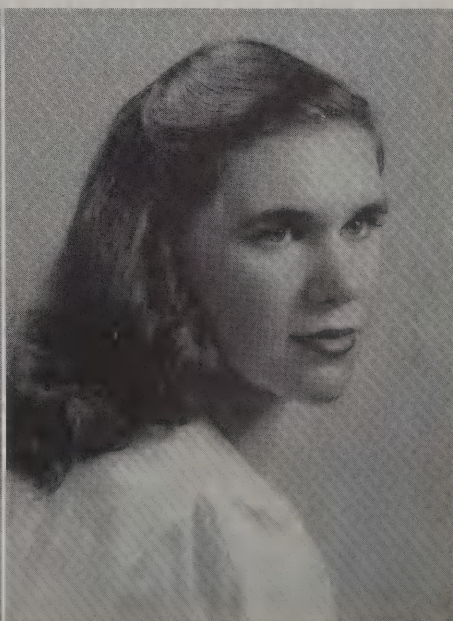
of 1947



BURCHARD, ANN
Scarsdale, N. Y.
English



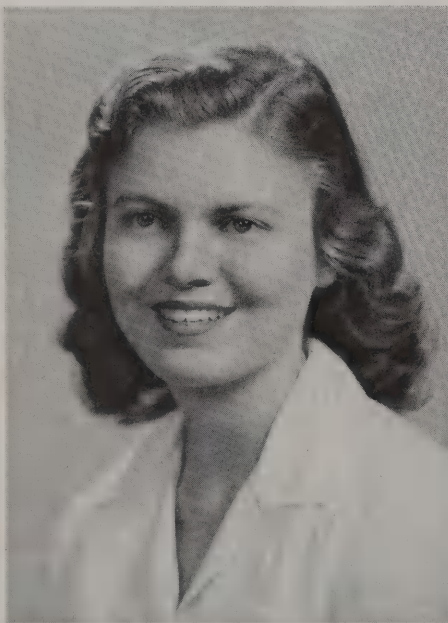
BURTCH, SALLY ANN
Trenton, N. J.
Psychology



CAMERON, SALLY ANN
Providence, R. I.
Sociology



The CLASS



CORY, MARY LOU
Englewood, N. J.
Psychology



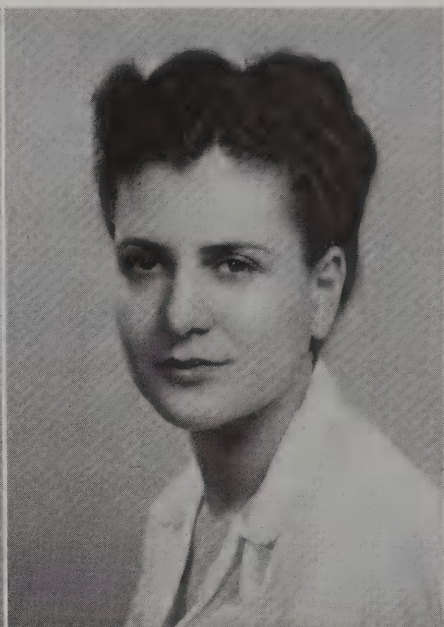
CROWELL, MARGARET
Reading
Psychology



CURME, FLORENCE LOUISE
White Plains, N. Y.
English



CHARLES, MARGARET SKINNER
Reading
Zoology



COLIVAS, CLIO
Belmont
Art

of 1947



DINGMAN, MONNA ELIZABETH
Palmer
English



DOERR, MARY JANE
Baltimore, Md.
Spanish



DOLAN, BETTY ANN
Earlville, N. Y.
Economics



DRURY, CHARLOTTE PETERS
Maynard
History



DUNBAR, VIRGINIA
Dallas, Texas
Art

The CLASS



DUTTON, MARY EVELYN
Portsmouth, N. H.
Psychology



FLETCHER, NATALIE
Worcester
Economics



FORD, LAURA ROSEMARY
Haddonfield, N. J.
American Civ.



of 1947



FRAAS, JANET LOIS
Fitchburg
Botany



FRANKE, CAROLYN JOSEPHINE
Wellesley Hills
Psychology



FRIEDMAN, PHYLLIS LOUISE
New York, N. Y.
History



The CLASS



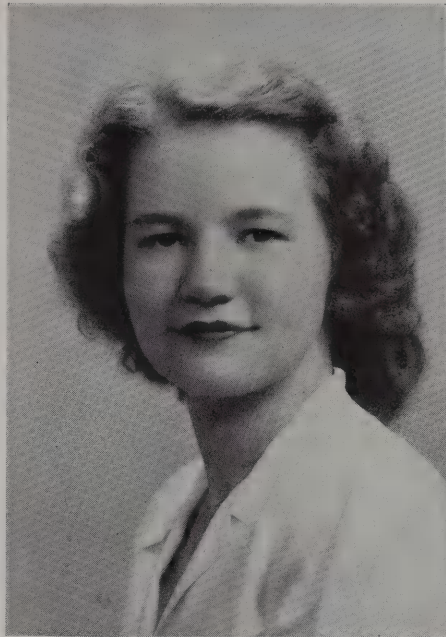
GASH, ROBERTA KING
Newport, R. I.
Sociology



VIRGINIA CHRISTIAN
GATEWOOD,
Richmond, Va.
History



GOFF, MARY-ELIZABETH
Brookline
English



FULLER, PATRICIA ADELAIDE
Wakefield
Psychology



GARDINER, BEVERLY ANN
Saylesville, R. I.
German

of 1947



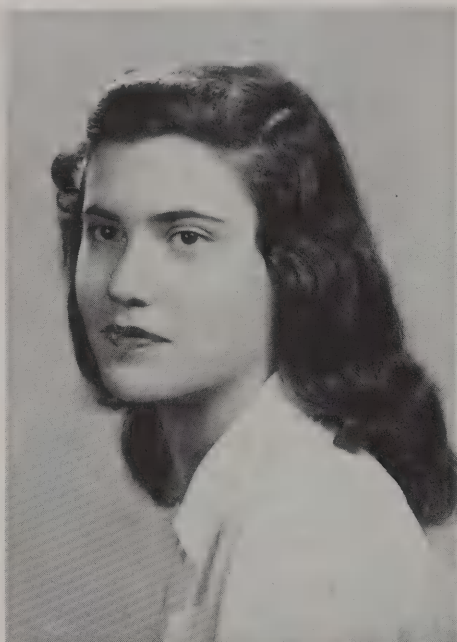
GORDON, RUTH LENORE
Brookline
Sociology



GREENE, ELIZABETH PEMBROKE
Nanuet, N. Y.
English



GROSSMAN, SYLVIA IRENE
Brookline
Psychology



GUMBLE, RUTH PATSY
Columbus, Ohio
History

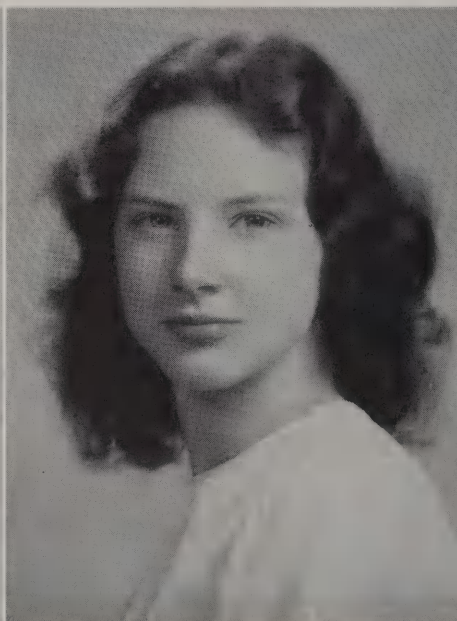


HALLER, JEAN FRANCES
Needham
Art

The CLASS



HAYES, DOROTHY HELEN
Brookline
Art



TACIE ELIZABETH JARRETT
HEATH,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Art



HEINEKAMP, AILEEN DOROTHY
Trenton, N. J.
Physics



of 1947



HOLDEN, MARY ELEANOR
Shirley Center
Philosophy



HOYT, ANN HUTCHINSON
Stamford, Conn.
Zoology



JOHNS, MARTHA ALLEN
Richmond, Va.
English



The CLASS



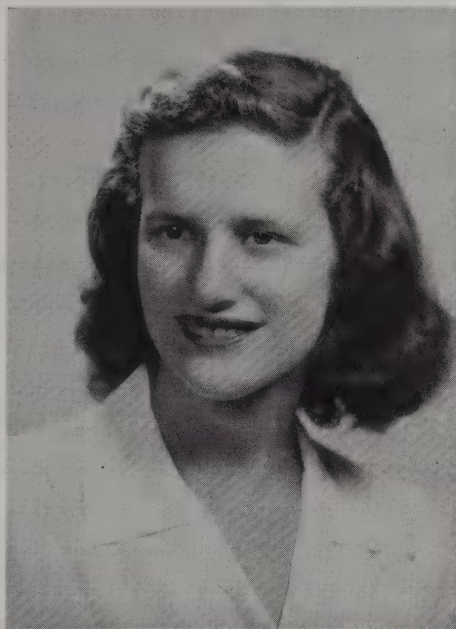
KENT, BARBARA EATON
Dedham
Psychology



KING, ELIZABETH GREENOUGH
Upper Montclair, N. J.
American Civ.



KING, MARY ELIZABETH
Upper Montclair, N. J.
Psychology



KAHN, BARBARA CAROLINE
Rockville Centre, N. Y.
Hist. & Gov't.

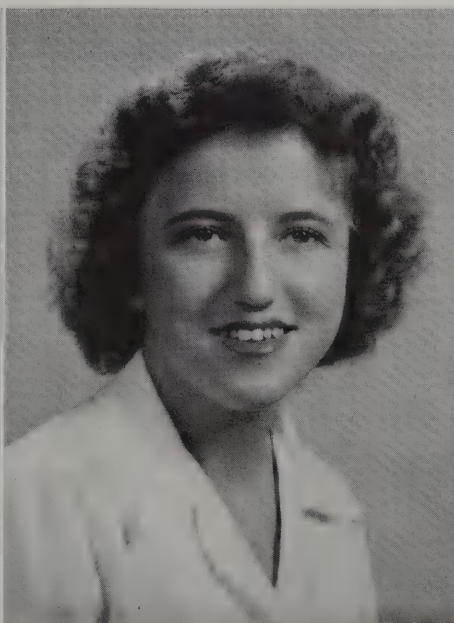


KENT, ALICE STEVENS
Dover
Art

of 1947



KREH, AUDREY STANLEY
Elizabeth, N. J.
Psychology



LORD, MARION WINIFRED
Maplewood, N. J.
Psychology



LYNN, BARBARA
Larchmont, N. Y.
English

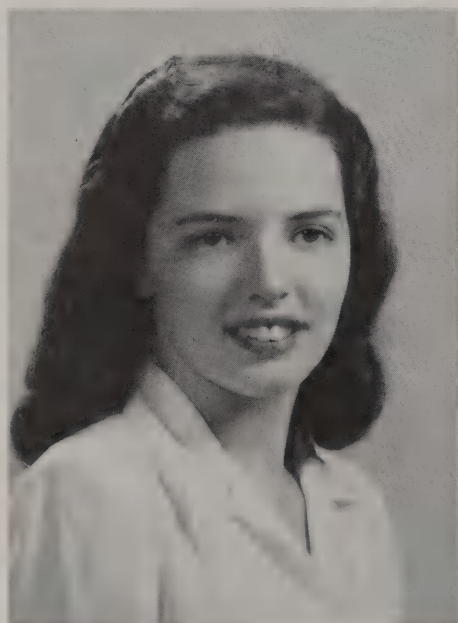


MACNUTT, MARJORIE ELEANOR
Stockbridge
Psychology



MADDOX, JANE DE LAITTRE
Norwood
English

The CLASS



MAYNARD, PHYLLIS GRACE
Lexington
Economics



McCANN, LOIS ELIZABETH
Rome, N. Y.
Psychology



McCLOSKEY, ANN ELEANOR
Norristown, Pa.
Chemistry



of 1947



McCLURE, JANET FRANCES
Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Economics



MORTON, JEANE AUDREY
Wynnewood, Pa.
Psychology



NAGANO, MOMO
Los Angeles, Calif.
History



The CLASS



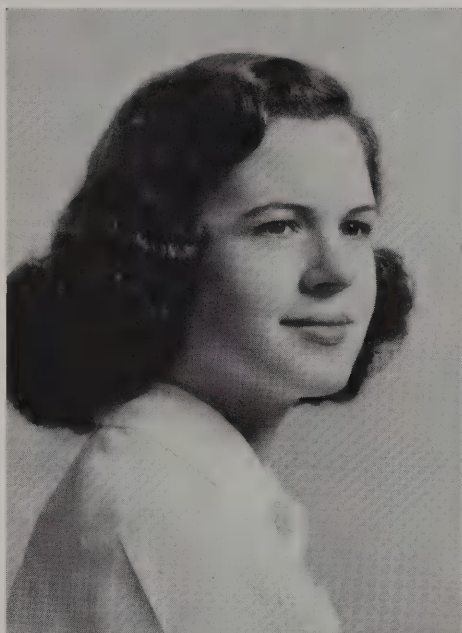
OLSON, MERTICE
Waltham
Zoology



PIERSON, MARGARET NORRIS
Darien, Conn.
Biology



RABE, NANCY
Akron, Ohio
Psychology



ODLIN, JOAN STEARNS
Worcester
Sociology



OLIPHANT, HELEN GILL
Trenton, N. Y.
History

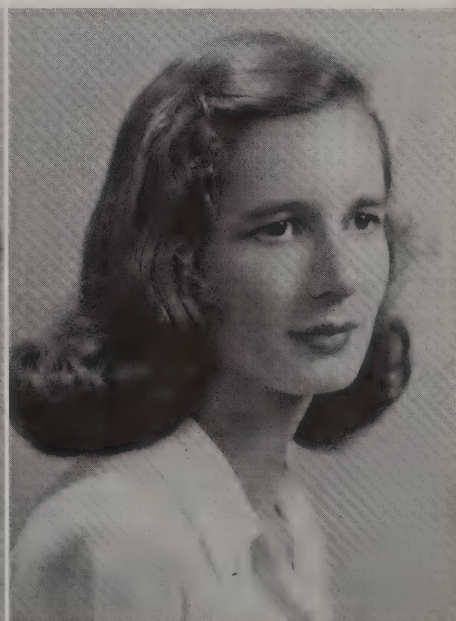
of 1947



RENOUF, LOIS WHITAKER
Pittsfield
English



REPLOGLE, JEAN
Mount Kisco, N. Y.
English



REX, BARBARA CLAYTON
Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Art

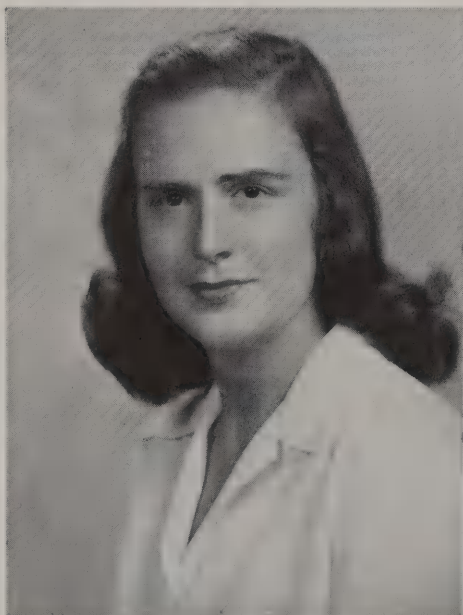


RHODES, GWENDOLYN ANNE
North Chelmsford
English



RICHARDSON, ANNE
Scarsdale, N. Y.
American Civ.

The CLASS



ROBINSON, MARY LOUISE
Falmouth Roreside, Me.
Chemistry



ROTH, ROSLYN KAY
New York, N. Y.
Philosophy



ROSS, JANET
Lexington
Psychology



of 1947



RYDGREN, DORIS
Wilmington, Del.
American Civ.



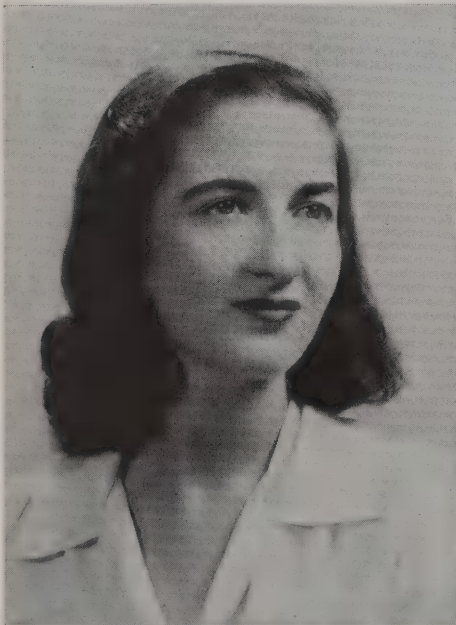
SARRIS, THEMIS ATHANASIA
Amherst
Art



SCATTERGOOD, JEAN
Edgewood, R. I.
Psychology



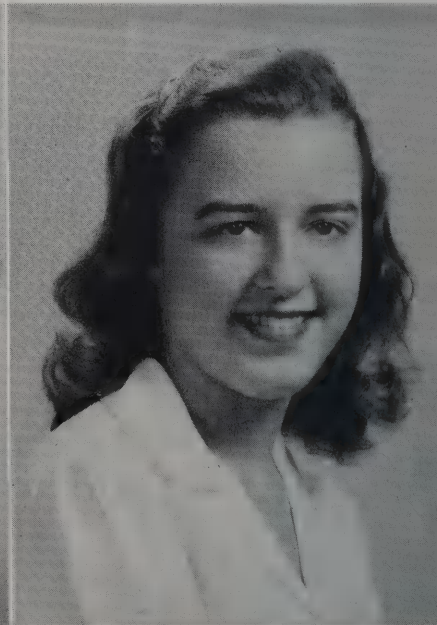
The CLASS



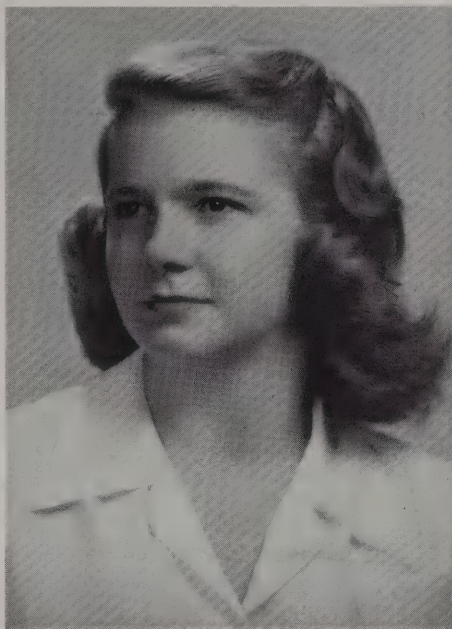
SHERMAN, MARY HELEN
Bar Harbor, Me.
Zoology



SHERTER, CHARLOTTE
Newton Centre
English



SIMONS, MARJORIE FRANCES
Dalton
Biology



SCHOTT, BARBARA
Rumford, R. I.
Economics

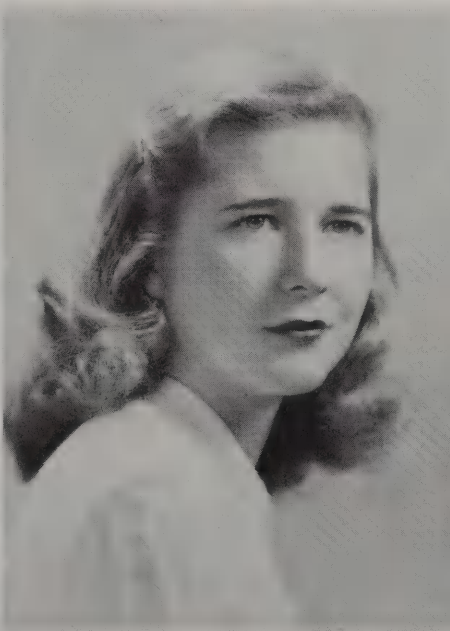


SHEETS, CAROLYN SLOAN
Yonkers, N. Y.
Philosophy

of 1947



SOUTHWICK, ELEANOR
Middleboro
History



SPARFIELD, FLORENCE MASON
Buffalo, N. Y.
English



STURENBURG, CONSTANCE ALICE
Newton Highlands
Chemistry



SULLIVAN, ELINOR ANN
Middleboro
History



THOMPSON, BARBARA MAY
Glen Ridge, N. J.
Psychology

The CLASS



TITUS, LYDIA WOODRUFF
New Rochelle, N. Y.
Psychology



TRACY, MARY SEYMOUR
Summit, N. J.
Mathematics



TURNBULL, PHYLLIS BURROWS
Binghamton, N. Y.
Spanish



of 1947



VAN DER VEER,
EVELYN GASTON
Somerville, N. J.
Biology



VILELA, LUCIA JUNQUEIRA
Sao Paulo, Brazil
English



WEBER, DOROTHY CARTER
Waterville, Me.
Art



The CLASS



WILLIAMS, MARIE LAWSON
Newton Highlands
Music



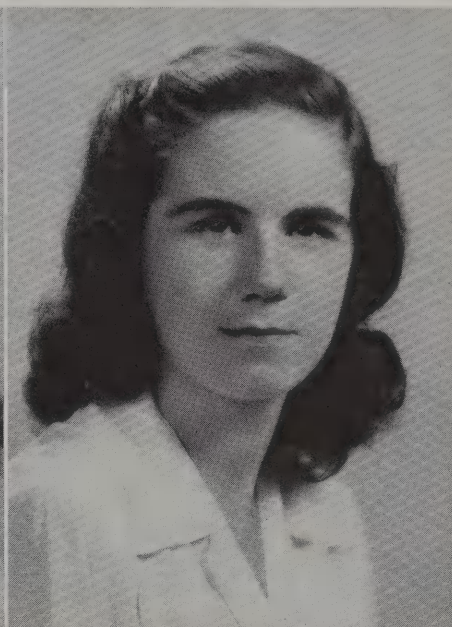
WINNEG, SARETTA
Brockton
French



WOOD, CORRINNE SANFORD
(Mrs. Winston L. Wood)
Segreganset
French

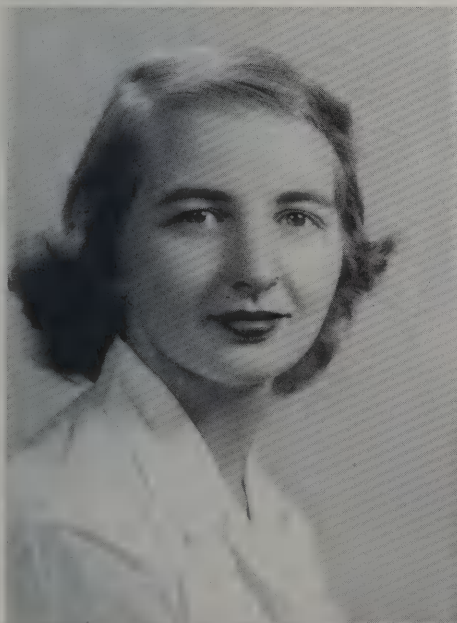


WEBER, NANCY ELIZABETH
Upper Darby, Pa.
Mathematics



WITAKER, NANCY
Auburndale
Psychology

of 1947



ZIEBARTH, GLORIA JEAN
Carey, Ohio
English

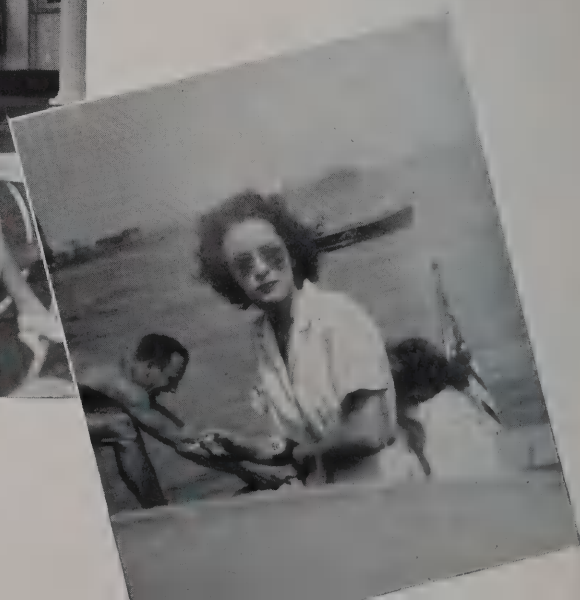


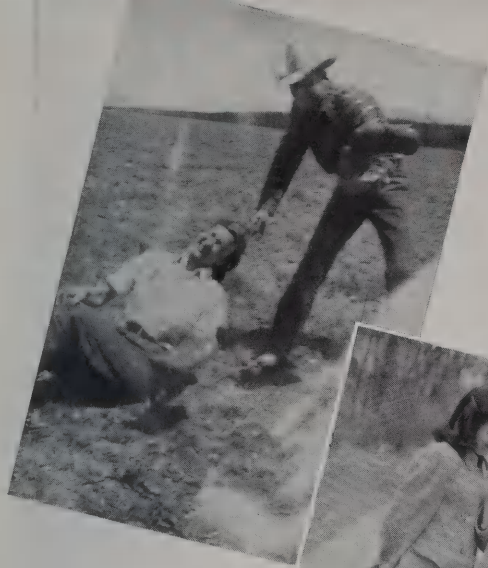
WOODLING, ELIZABETH DOWNS
Wallingford, Conn.
Psychology

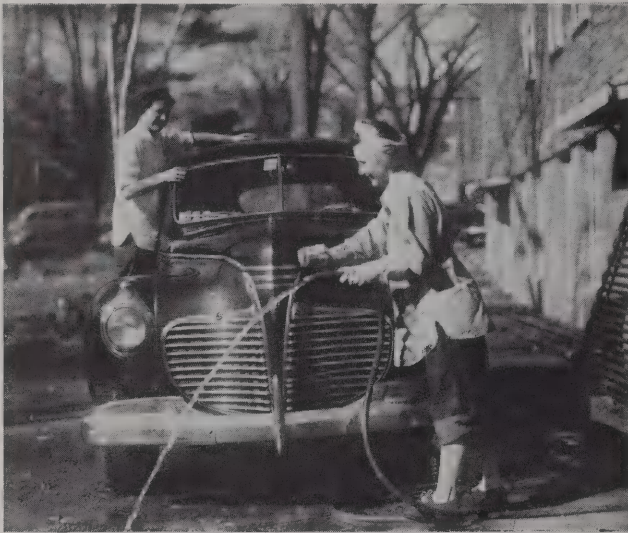
MORITZ, HENRIETTE
Michigan City, Ind.
Chemistry
(absent)

Looking Back With \

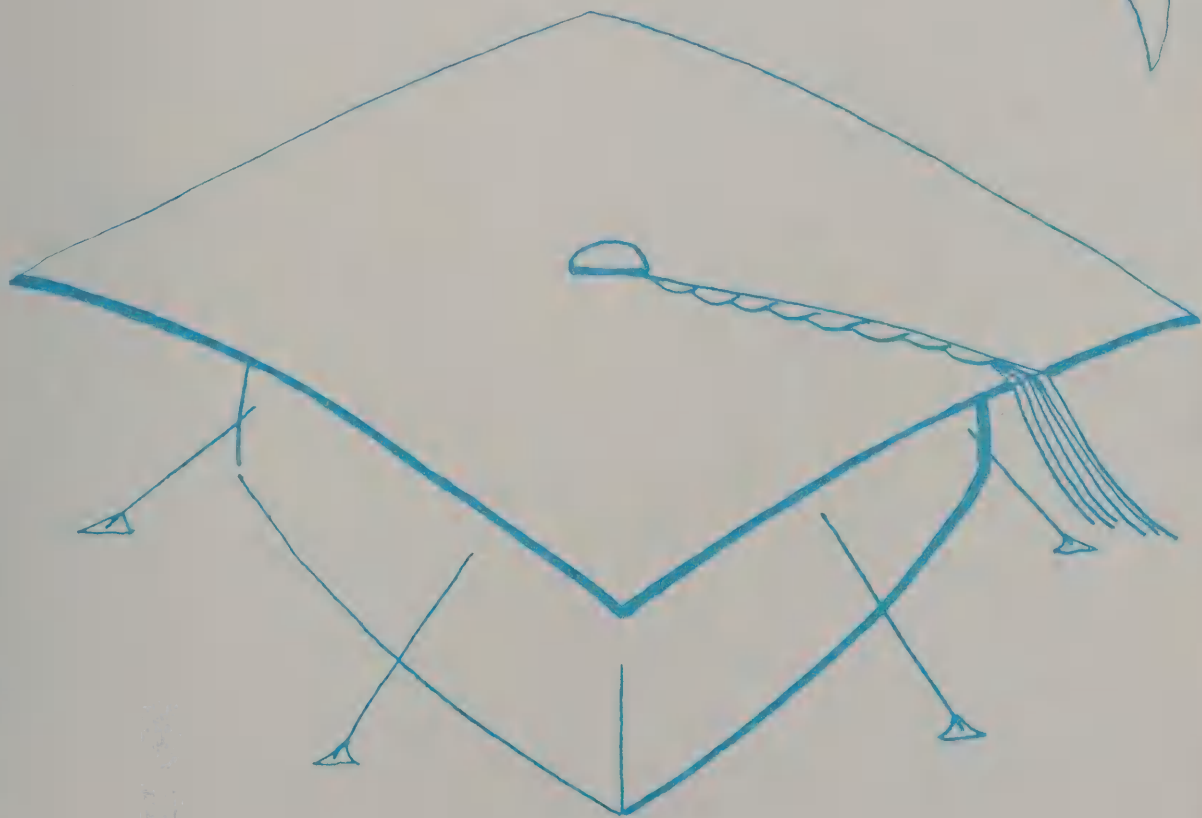
47

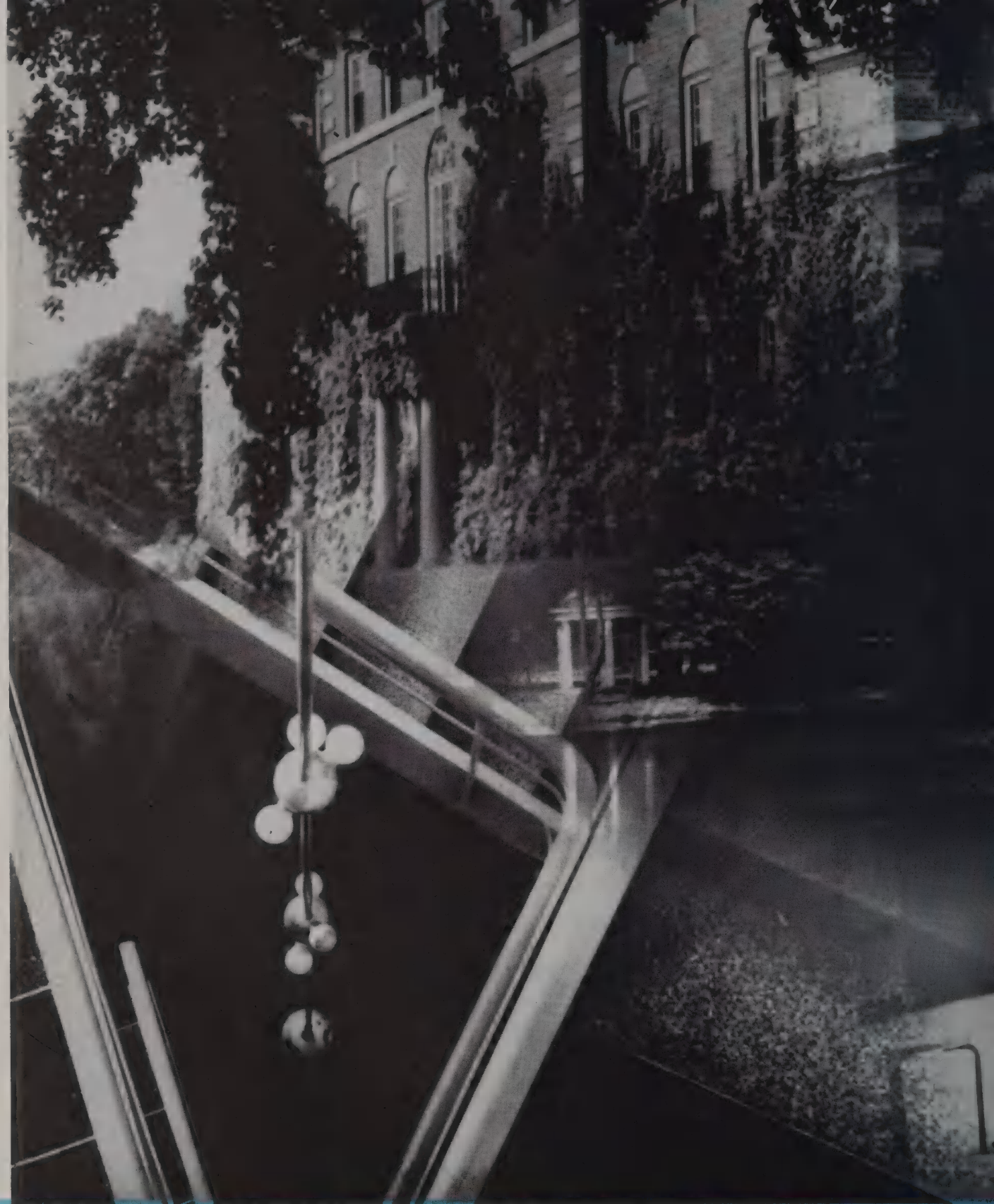







UNDER THE BIG TOP





⊗ Puritu Bod



u. and Flavor 

CLASSROOM

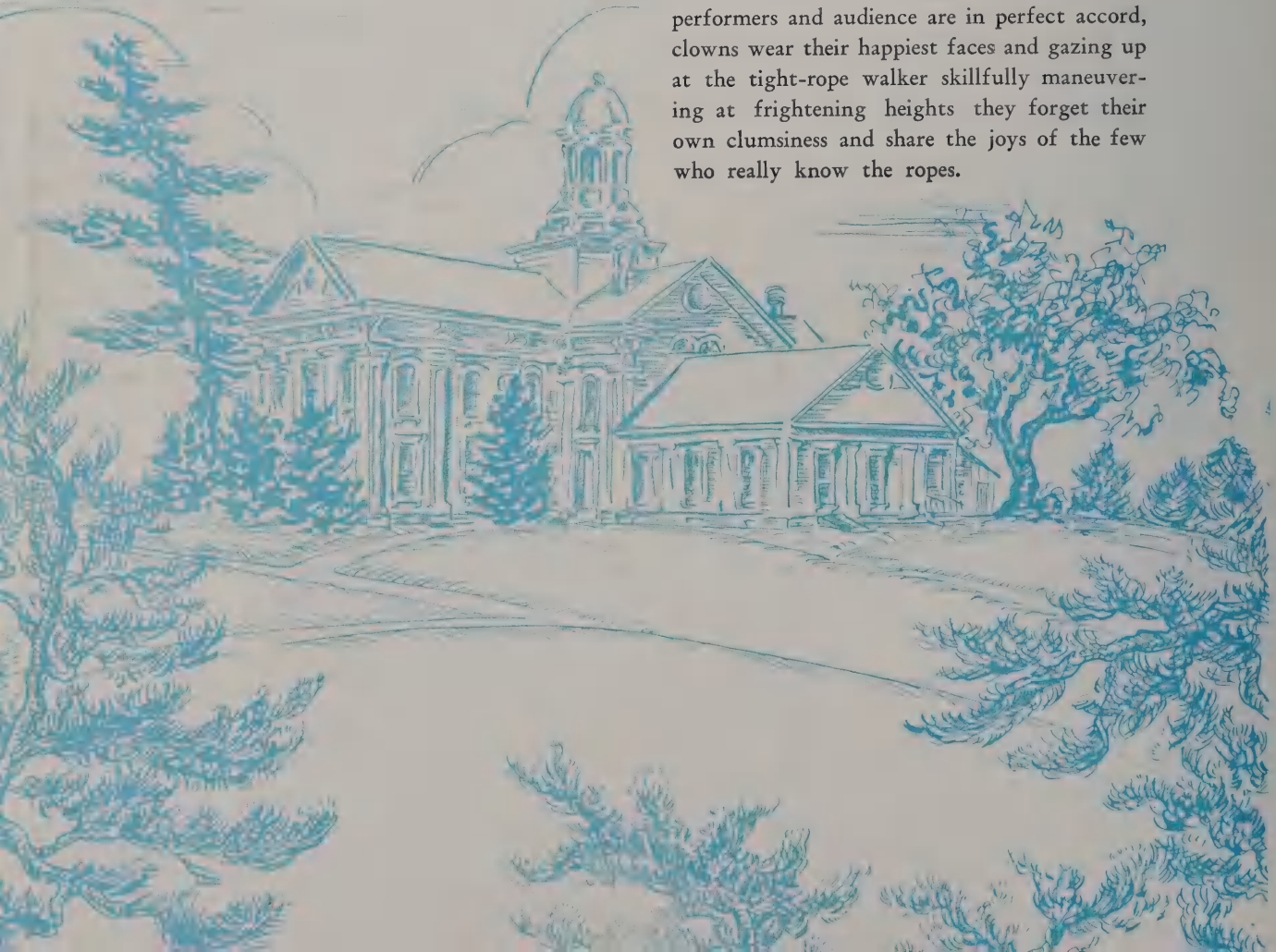
On with the show! See the noble lion, the trained seal, the performing poodle, the juggler, the clown, the man on the flying trapeze. See them all strut and fret their respective hours. See these players for all their warmth and humor; but hear them also that their words may not be lost to a flash of memory but heard forever more as they go on, on with the show.

8:30 A. M., first bell, the show's about to begin. If only time could be suspended in this crowd five minutes. A long line of apprentices, clowns, and mere lookers on pours

out of the Chapel. Splitting into two main streams, the first finds place in Mary Lyon, Science Building, Doll's House. The second is merely a detour from the main line, eager young hopefuls postponing the more official business of the day with a check on the mail. As the last bell, curtain time, is sounded this second line develops an erratic, jerky movement in the effort to join the first. Other doors open as late risers rush to their places, dressing enroute and harassed young clowns stuff cram notes into their pockets or clip a few sheets together in the last minute answer to the roll call.

During intermissions, over a cigarette and a hand of bridge, the players hash over the day's performances. Some complain that they are not accustomed to the whip, others suffer from juggling too many ideas. Some are not sure of their skill and idly dream of the ideal situations in which others such as the elephant, the tattooed lady and the two-headed woman find themselves when the test comes.

On days when the show goes well, when performers and audience are in perfect accord, clowns wear their happiest faces and gazing up at the tight-rope walker skillfully maneuvering at frightening heights they forget their own clumsiness and share the joys of the few who really know the ropes.





With paintbrush or pen, Freud or formaldehyde, the students decorate the circus. Rorschach ink blots puzzle the sideshow artists while surrealistic impressions of Jonathan Edwards lead the readers of the program on a merry, symbolistic chase.





Too late to bed and too early to rise.



You too can be the life of the party.



Why Oh why did I ever leave Wyoming?



Breakfast.



The Silent Prayer.



Well, you've gotta bull sometime.



Censured!



Morning pick-me-up.



A girl has to think of health, doesn't she?



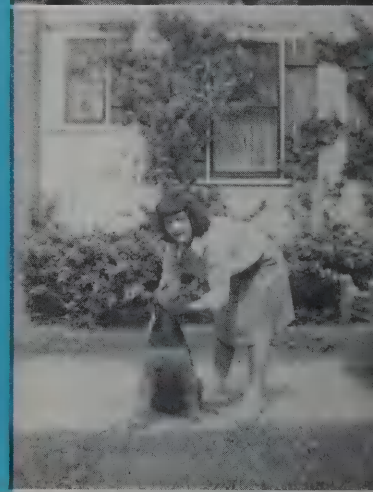
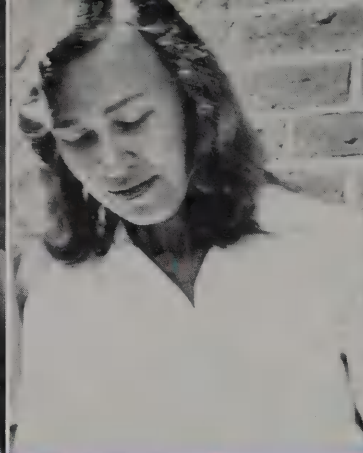
Fun—if you're over 21.



The Missing Link.



Completion and Absolution.



STUNT SHOWS - SPORTS

Substitutions Morse, Gardner and Davis going in the center of the ring for Benson, Shaw and Urner.

It did not take long for our new Gym faculty to learn the ropes under Miss White's tutelage and Miss Barry's records. "Swing that bat and hit that ball," so we tried anyway. From fall through spring we worked and we breathed athletics.

Blinded seniors and tackling pros completed the hockey season in a desperate tie at the Senior-Faculty hockey game. Nat Fletcher, head of hockey, chose a winning honorary team. While the hockey season closed Cush led the Wheaton Horsemwomen to victory over House in the Pines.

First it was Kay Garriques and now it looks as if Bobbie Holden '49 will hold a four year tenacy on the Tennis Cup having defended her laurels successfully against Pat Silmour '50 in the finals. Rexie managed to keep the tennis ladder straight. Liz Jevdet pushed up the basketballs and kept peace among the contesting players.

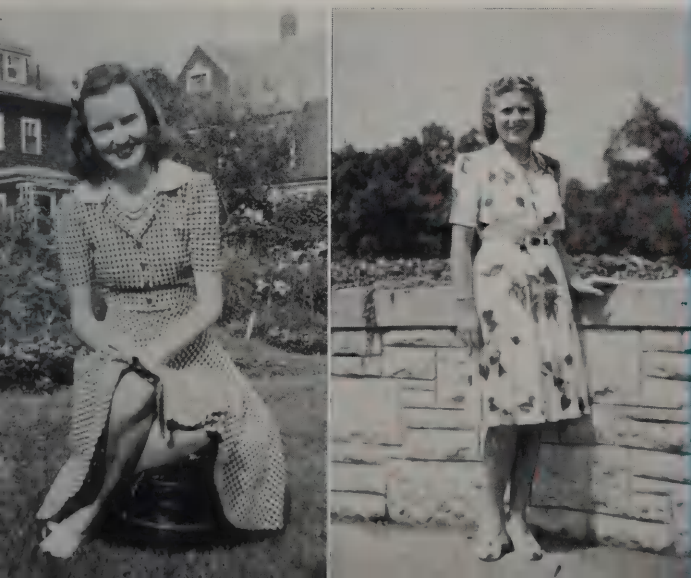
Bobbie Kahn struggled to get through the Bowling and Ping pong tournaments before the spring of '48.

Wheaton and Them and Dance Group witnessed a splendid Modern Dance program executed by Jose Limon and Company. Later on Dance Group gave a fine performance in the spring. Country Dance Group was officered by Marge Simons who also headed Dancing under A. A. They too performed before Wheaton spectators on the Gymnasium arena.

Gloria made Robin Sherwoods of some of us as we strove to get the arrow in the ever-changing red target rather than in our neighbors' pantaloons.

Outing Club with Brownie and Bev tramped through the Blue Hills and went square-dancing in Boston. Dottie and Peg kept them in funds and up to date on Council affairs. Outers believed in seeing America first, but they saw a good deal of it on foot.

Scat directed Baseball activities in the spring and climaxed the season with the Brawn versus Brain or Student-Faculty baseball game. Besides the fact that a certain student gets pitcher arm happy and tries to knock Dr. Meneely instead of striking him out, and besides the fact that Umpire Sprague likes them low, the game is up to National League standards.





SPORTS - ACTIVITIES

"Hurry, hurry everybody for the greatest show on Building Shapes the world has ever known. See for yourself these slips of girls toting 200 pound bells."

At times this seems to be the ambition of our Trainer, Miss White, as she puts us through our paces of pushups, dives and jumps. Many of us, however, have been thankful for the exercise as we tried to rid ourselves of that "source theme spread" so often acquired at schools of higher learning.

Besides required sports we had many choices of required Sophomore dance, required Freshman tennis and just plain required. Considering that the Seniors had no required gym they kept in shape very well.

Fall found us falling all over the place chasing white balls o'er field and net, in vales and ponds. The Fresh donned their familiar pink and blue tights to make like butterflies in Plimpton while the Sophs found all their wind and more on the hockey field. The Juniors kept jolly as they played on all six tennis courts at once.

When winter arrived we brought out our Flexible Flyers and coasted down the Dimple's cheek. This was not enough exercise so we went out for Tritons, Tritonettes, class basketball and badminton. Come spring we tried out for tennis, riding, and baseball while the Sophs speedballed down the field.

Come summer, we went home to rest.

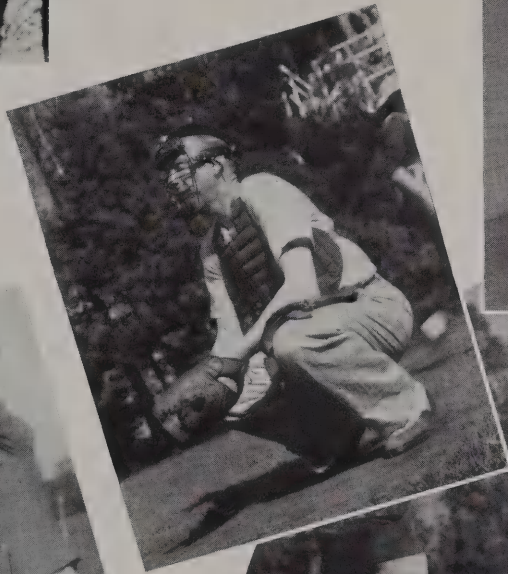


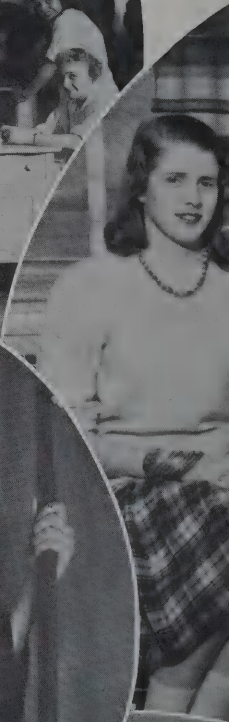
SPORTS - A. A.

They snap the whip while we make the trip. Not quite so brutal but just as definite are the four cohorts Peg, Izzy, Betsy and Janie who contrive with Miss White to make our sedentary lives activated. They succeeded very well, we might add. The lone resuscitator from all this hustle and bustle was Ginny Vogt, ever present with not "spirits" but oranges.

Over cokes and smokes, A. A. discussed the activities of the Outing Club, Tritons, Tritonettes, ping-pong and interdorm Bowling Tournaments. Also under their close scrutiny came Dance Group and the Country Dance Group. They arranged, too, for Wheaton to be represented in hockey playdays at Beaver Country Day and at Rhode Island State from which we returned undefeated. A playday at Wheaton involving several colleges was set in the month of March.

Sports heads also contributed ideas for the activity list. Reports of their success were delivered at seasonal sports meetings on the refinished Gym floor.





D. A. skyrocketed to the heights this year with one of the most skillful productions in its long and varied history. The praises heaped upon the Fall play *Our Town* cannot be too great coming from a vast audience of theatre-goers who seek pleasure at the "show of shows". The meteor-like success of *Our Town* tends to cast a shadow on the many other contributions of D. A. . . Nativity Play at Christmas, May Day Festival in the Spring, and their part in the Freshman production which was arranged

differently this year than it has been previously. In connection with the Art Symposium in the Spring, they produced a one-act play on the arena type called *Overtones* which was a decided factor in the overwhelming success of the Symposium.

Under the swift, sure hand of director Miss Jean McKee and the backstage crew of Miss Priscilla Okie, a play soon loses that marionette Punch and Judy quality and becomes a living, realistic performance. The performers lose those spasmodic, uncertain movements of the wooden manikins and the performance becomes that polished production which is the pride of D. A.

With Dottie leading the troop this year, D. A. members, regardless of their part, whether it be long hours in the scene shop, on the stage, or in back of the stage, have been ultimately successful. As the performers are put through their paces, Wheaton audiences watch these shows within the Show sometimes with pathos, with laughter, with indignation or whatever the mood of the moment creates, but always with the appreciation of a fine performance.



CGA Shirley Johnson, Ellie Sullivan, Ginny Hunt, Jean Schabacker



C. G. A.

High above the three rings of the Big Top where the lesser acts keep the audience amused and delighted, are the tight-ropes and trapezes of the C. G. A. aerialists. A hush falls over the audience and all eyes look up as the spotlight focuses on those stellar performers. Foremost is Ellie Sullivan, who maintains her serene dignity even in the most precarious situations. The first to arrive at the "Greatest Show on Earth," (Freshmen) watch Ellie in awed admiration and wonder if any of them will ever reach that exalted position. Ellie shares her spotlight with a capable supporting cast. Applause should be accorded to Shirley, Schaby, Ginny and Scat. They in turn depended upon the cooperation of their assistants. This is the act which not only carries on the work of former aerialists, but each year adds daring innovations. This year C. G. A., through the Co-ordinating Committee, managed a four-day vacation for us at Thanksgiving time. New smoking rules, that of allowing guests to smoke in dorm parlors and permitting smoking on Howard Street and in parked cars after 6:45 were also introduced by C. G. A. and accepted by the faculty and student body. These skillful aerialists have given a spectacular performance through 1946-47, keeping their equilibrium even on the highest and most difficult tight-rope, and have certainly set a high standard for future performers to follow.

C. A.-CANDLELIGHT

Mingled with the clamour and excitement, the gruelling labor and feverish pace of circus life, each year Christian Association gives the performance an added touch of dignity and fellowship. With a shadowy symbolism that is barely discernible above days that are crammed with trivialities and routine occupations, it gives these same activities the strength of purpose that lies in a spirit of fellowship in the vision of a common ideal.

One autumn evening the whole community gathers for worship together. With a prayer the light of a single candle is passed from hand to hand until each one holds the spark from that same light. When the company file out into the night, darkness has softened the day-time glare so that each one can glimpse a star answering her own light as the voices of friends rise as one in the stillness.

The circus parade becomes a shadow intensifying the distance from each flickering candle to the answering stars above. The line moves slowly to the edge of Peacock Pond. But in this light the offering is not to the vain world of the peacock; instead for a moment the shores could be that of a great sea before which only thoughts of faith and love can find reality. In this humble attitude some step forward to let their lights float out upon the water.



CA Till Snelling, Sue Lewes, Ellie Southwick, Betsy Bird





ROMANCE LANGUAGES CLUB Phyl Turnbull,
Jan Doerr, Pat Spencer, Priscilla Dattman



PSYCHE Betty Green, Gloria Ziebarth, Mitzi
Mitchell



CLASSICS CLUB *Til Snelling*



CHOIR *Helen Bolton, Audrey Farrow, Pat Fuller, Barbara Thompson, Jerry Simons*



PSYCHOLOGY CLUB *Sue Williams, Shirley Johnson, Stan Krebs, Ginny Hunt*



ART CLUB *Clio Colivas, Jean Haller*



IRC *Lois Renouf, Jan Maul, Phyl Maynard, Nat Fletcher, Jo Dingwell*

RUSHLIGHT

With a roll of drums and a blare of trumpets the floodlights focus their rays on the center ring. On comes *Rushlight* with trainer Roz Roth putting her talented performers through their paces. Nothing short of perfection is expected from these gifted creatures so their act is put on only four times a year. And what long arduous hours are necessary to produce the polished rhythm and skill that finally meets the delighted eye of the audience. Bright balls of scintillating wit and luminous beauty are lightly tossed by some of the stars, while others move through their appointed task with the assurance of a savant. Tinsel and canvas make the blended fabric of light and serious writing of which *Rushlight* is composed. In applauding the creative genius of these actors, we must not forget to give a full measure of credit to those behind the scenes who staged a performance to hold our interest with its perfect timing and brilliant execution.

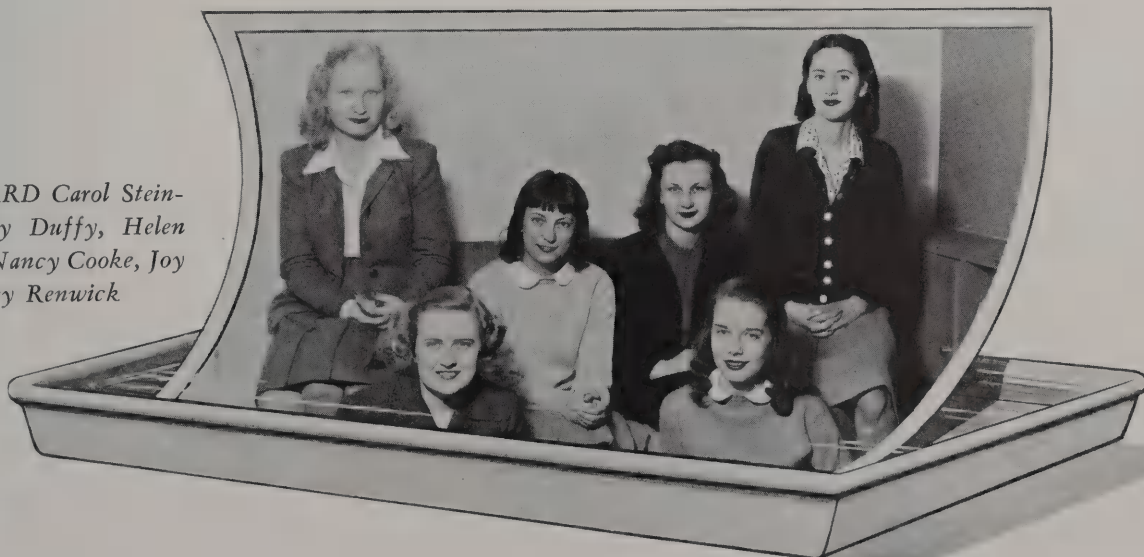
PRESS BOARD

Colorful flyers and handbills reach the home town newspapers, fanning out North, East, South and West from Norton, home of the Big Top. Indefatigable press agents, Mrs. Sprague, Helen Caracuzzo, and other members of their staff, feed to the local press of cities and towns a constant stream of publicity about the local talent who have made good as stars in Wheaton's great performance. With such high-pressure advertising of its main attractions, Wheaton can easily maintain its position among its lesser rivals of "The Greatest Show on Earth."



RUSHLIGHT Robbie Gash, Rozy Roth, Barbara Rex, Mike Maxwell

PRESS BOARD Carol Steinbring, Peggy Duffy, Helen Caracuzzo, Nancy Cooke, Joy Merritt, Mary Renwick



NIKE' EDITORIAL STAFF

One by one the acts have been presented in their turn dazzling the eyes of the spectators and bringing forth great ohs and ahs from an admiring crowd. It is a little sad to think that this year's show is soon coming to an end, but hold on to your seats, ladies and gentlemen. Here comes the big finale—*Nike*, the act that summarizes all preceding performances—a grand review of what has been. Watch as they pass before you—the clowns that made you laugh, aerialists that thrilled you with their daring feats, the side-shows that amazed you with the marvels of nature, skilled bareback riders, and the performing animals with their clever tricks. Last but not least, the stars of '47 who have climaxed four years of hard work with this year's brilliant performance. Look well at their faces as they pass, ladies and gentlemen, and wish them success as they leave this show for the bigger one that awaits them beyond Wheaton Big Top.



Amelie Burgunder



Bonny Rankin

"Grab your coat and get your hat, leave your troubles on the doorstep, just direct your feet to the sunny side of the street" is not the theme song of the 1947 *Nike* staff! Amelie left us for Bernei and a rose-covered cottage, Betsy and Carol left us for Europe and intellectualism, and we, Mike, Bonny, Cush, Pat, Ceci, Izzy, Jan and Trudy, were left holding the proverbial bag. We had the good advice and sympathetic understanding of Miss Work to help us unravel the maze. Without her *Nike* would have remained a dream and would never have been an actuality. Clever Amelie left us with a terrific dummy . . . terrific with unique and original ideas, and terrific in scope (as Cush will testify after having tried to collect a gross of pictures). A dummy, to the assembled group, came to represent some kind of Greek. And none of us had a Greek dictionary. Then we tackled the Engraver's order blanks and tried to decipher their jargon. Life became a hodge podge of unintelligible terms that loomed before our frustrated minds with the black threat of doom. All was chaos! And we couldn't believe it because Amelie had said the whole thing would be so easy. Oh, well, we thought, to work. And work we have, ever since. All this time our team of Business and Advertising, Trudy and Jan, were organized and proceeding with unimaginative efficiency. They made the cash roll in in a way that would be advantageous to any organization, which, luckily, was ours. For the 1947 *Nike* is one of the most expensive ever tried at Wheaton. Trudy and Jan are gems of financial wizardry and should be recommended to the Treasury Department to balance the budget. The rest of the "artists" as we hasten to label ourselves to explain fits of temperament and other unreliable qualities, fretted, fumed and fouled up many, many deals before we finally saw the promise of *Nike* as an actuality instead of a misty illusion in Miss Banov's (Mrs. Burgunder) mind. So here it is.

Jan Maul



Trudy Cambell



Ceci Kuehne



Mike Maxwell



Mary Cushing



Izzy Lindsey



SOCIAL

There go the men with their buckets of paste, slapping up the gay posters which lean idly on walls and in windows in Marty's, Pratt's and the Bookstore. The lazy progress of the men is a tantalizing dance charged with the excitement of the fun which will follow them. We run behind to read their gaudy signs. Each one is turned staring expectantly ahead, its message screaming in the morning quiet or lost in the din between classes. Soon the big parade will pass this way.

Here comes the parade. The riding team is in the lead proudly displaying their acrobatic skill. As they pass the Dimple we see a balancing act. There's an elephant standing





LIFE

on another elephant, standing on another elephant who isn't there at all. Seems we just missed the announcement of the senior class officers. But lo, ahead some of their stately numbers are backing down the library steps on their hands and knees, scrub brushes in hand to honor the Queen of the May. Here come several floats full of campus celebrities taking bows, the casts from the dramatic productions, Vaudeville; Mummers Procession straggles on behind, forever in memory will they sing "Hail to Britannia," and "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."



Everybody's mumbling something about a place called Yellow Parlor, maybe we can find a cup of coffee and a place to sit down if we can just get inside that big tent. People keep piling out. They can't all be coming out of that same little door, it's impossible. Look, there's D. A. and A. A. and C. A., *News*, *Rushlight and Nike*. There's F. C., R. C., G. C., S. C., I. R. C., C. E. C., A. C. and D. C. There's a notice: "Outing Club in Cage."

I can't face this mob any longer. Let's try the path to the lift. Strange, we're in a dark garden. From the veranda above, soft lights, music, find us. See silhouetted against the rail lovely long dresses, dark tuxes, cigarettes gesturing between them. I remember, it ends in a parade to information at 1:30 A. M.





DORM

Take part of the sideshow and throw it in the animal act and there you have a candid shot of dormitory life and those who make it up. The tall and the short, those who are on a diet and those who are not. Yet there is some basic unity, something that makes us respond to the proverbial call, "Who's the telephone for?", and the more blatant yell, "Freshman, answer the phone!" The clump, clump of eager feet dashing down the hall to see who the Saturday night date is going to be.

Study is something that is ignored until the chapel tolls up eleven or twelve P. M. except for those persistent bores who are heard echoing down the hall, "Quiet!" But at this hour begins the trek to the smoking room, to be enveloped in the smoke and surrounded in the chatter that may continue until any hour . . . perhaps all night. The smoker, the center of dormitory life, the scene of many a tense grand slam or of terror as our friend, the centipede, starts paying a social call.

Ah, that forbidden aroma of coffee, that filters through the hall, a rather mutilated vic turning out Rachmaninoff or Hot Lips Page, isn't this what we'll remember when we tack the program on our bulletin board?



LIFE

"He was sensational!", echoes the cooing voice down the corridor. Mixed with Bunny Berigan's *I Can't Get' Started With You*, we have the perfect setting for an all-night stand on the male problem that keeps us on a constant Merry-go-round. Grab for the rings, girls! Who's the lucky one? Under the protective Big Top of old mother dormitory, we let down our long, golden hair, crump on a friendly floor and decide what the next move will be in this sideshow of life.





VOD

A circus occasionally becomes merely an excuse for its sideshows, and Vodvil was one of the best sideshows Wheaton had to offer this year. The big placard read, "So Goes The Nation" and so went Wheaton by the droves for laughs, songs, and some of the best dialogue heard on the Vodvil stage in years. This year Vodvil had a "what would happen if. . ." theme, explicitly what would happen if Wheaton became the training ground for Senators and Washington bureaucrats. Patsy Gumble handled the usual director's dilemma easily and brought forth a picture of classroom chaos and campus romance.





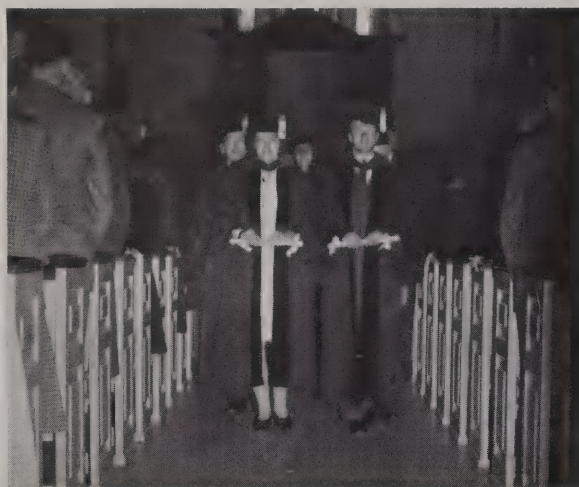
VIL

Vodvil brought in many innovations this year, one of the biggest and most successful was the substitution of modern dancing for the usual Ra Ra Boom T-A style. Them Sarris and Ceci Kuehnle were in charge of the dancing and their Marty's Scene was one of the most colorful in the show. Also an innovation to any show would be statues who could "adjust" themselves in accordance with a Danny Kayish Dean's exhortation. The biggest applause of all goes to Miss Clewes, who, as the much misunderstood Minerva Minestrone, immortalized Vodvil, the Gym Department and herself.





HOOP ROLLING



FOUNDERS DAY



GRADUATION

TRADITIONS

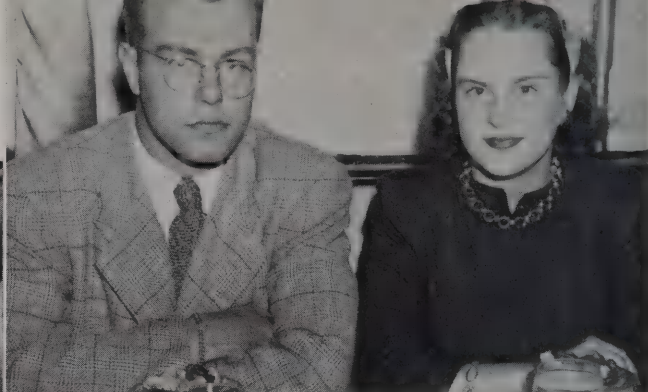
Traditions are the bright-colored lights that dot the fairway of our Big Show. Each one has a different hue and a different meaning spotlighted in the panoramic scene. Processionals to the Chapel usher in the year in celebration of Founder's Day. Rows of bobbing heads and blocks of color distinguish the classes as they march around the Dimple. With the frosty windowpanes and the snow-piled walks of winter and the Christmas season, Wheaton revelers don Medieval costumes and cavort through the Christmas Banquet. In a more serious vein, two seniors are chosen by their classmates to represent Joseph and Mary. These girls personify all the fine qualities that go to make the ideal performer. When the violets peek through the frost-hard ground and sophomore sisters hang May baskets on their senior sister's door, May Day Festival lights up the winter-worn spirits. A sophomore Queen, chosen for her beauty, parades with her court through the Dimple. In June with graduation there are many traditions that help to endear the memories of the Big Show in the hearts of the seniors.





To Lala, Queen of them all! May Day frolicers cavort in the Dimple while the "maddening crowd" peeps in on Wheaton's sideshow of beauty, the Virtues, and May Day dancers. Round and round the May Pole they go. . attached to the multi-colored streamers of fortune. Sturdy archers aim for the bull's eye while the Jester whispers funnies into the receptive ears of the players, and cartwheels from one to another flaunting his quips at the wide-eyed spectators. . The Biggest Show On Earth!



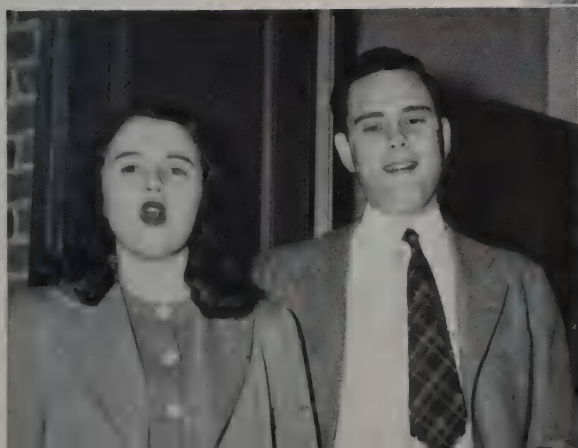
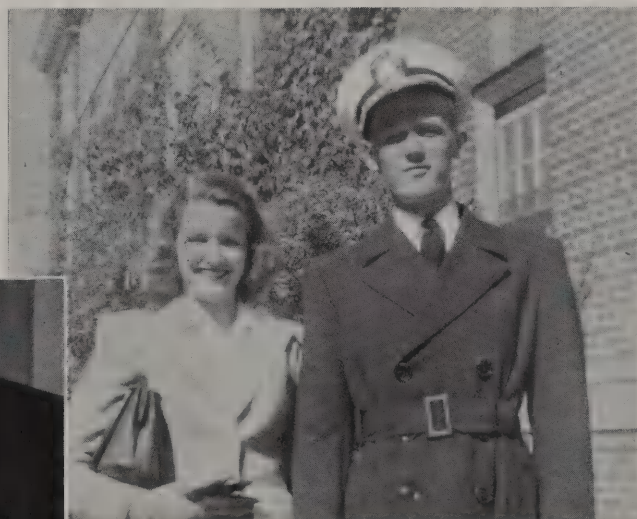


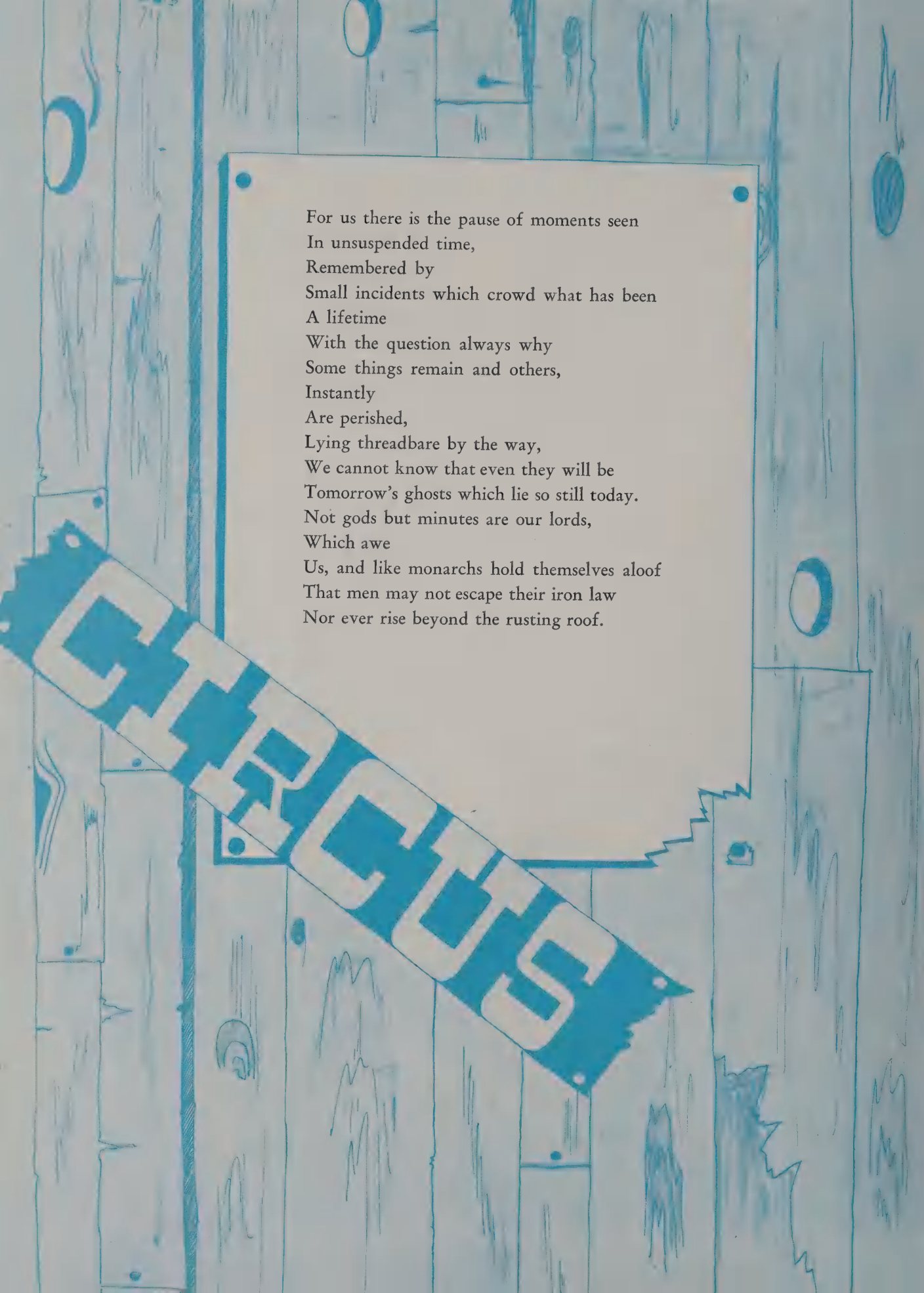
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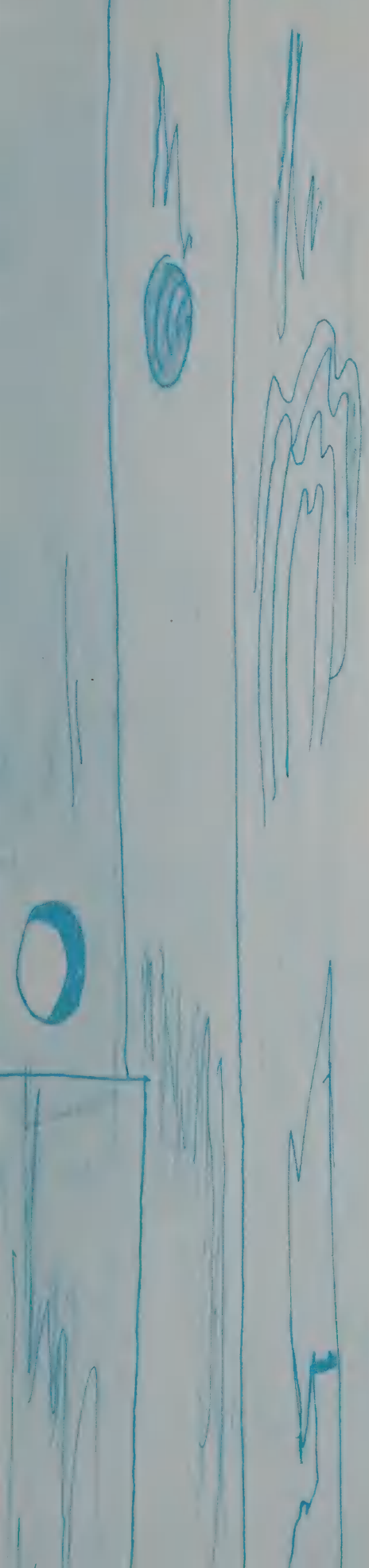


RINGS
WHEATON
ALL



The background is a light blue wooden wall with vertical planks and several circular knots. A rectangular piece of cream-colored paper is pinned to the wall with four blue circular fasteners. On the paper is a poem in black text. A diagonal banner with a black and white geometric pattern runs across the bottom left of the page, partially obscuring the paper.

For us there is the pause of moments seen
In unsuspended time,
Remembered by
Small incidents which crowd what has been
A lifetime
With the question always why
Some things remain and others,
Instantly
Are perished,
Lying threadbare by the way,
We cannot know that even they will be
Tomorrow's ghosts which lie so still today.
Not gods but minutes are our lords,
Which awe
Us, and like monarchs hold themselves aloof
That men may not escape their iron law
Nor ever rise beyond the rusting roof.



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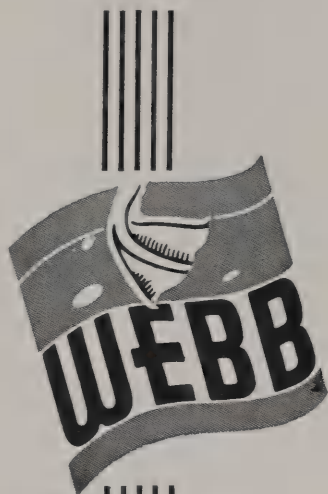
Ordinary girdles may not give you all that, but fortunately, girdles for the younger figure have been graduated from the ordinary class these days with DARLEEN Elastic.

DARLEEN differs from ordinary kinds of elastic in the way it's processed and tested—a through and through method that makes for greater resilience, durability, and empowered lightness. And that in turn makes for foundations that mould the figure into smooth, fluid, fashionable lines without restricting natural body freedom. So ask for girdles made with DARLEEN Elastic at better stores everywhere—and good fortune will shape your future!



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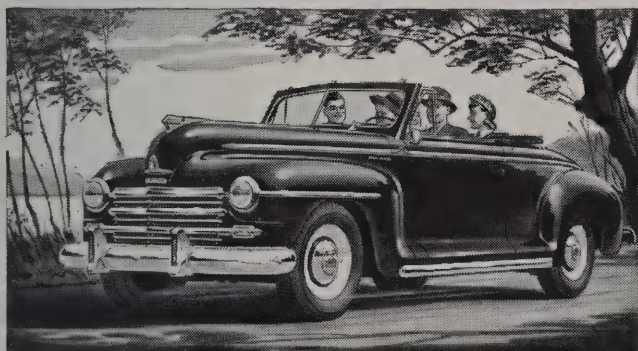
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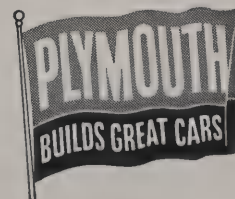
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